

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for week ending
JULY 11th, 1874.

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by Boys of the Royal Naval Hospital
School, Greenwich; Aquatic Sports by
Beckwith and other noted professors;
Romah.

TUESDAY, JULY 7th.—Ballad Opera, "Guy Mannering," Mr. Sims
Reeves as "Henry Bertram," other characters by Messrs. George Fox, E. Atkins,
Gresham, and Henry Corri; Miss Lucy
Franklin and Miss Blanche Cole.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th.—Metropolitan Schools Concert, by 5000
children from 135 schools, under the direction
of Mr. John Hullah; first day of the
Great Archery Fête.

THURSDAY, JULY 9th.—Opera, "Ballo in Maschera," characters by
Messrs. Nordblom, Pope, Marler, and
Aynsley Cooke; Madame Ida Gillies Corri,
Miss Lucy Franklin, and Miss Blanche Cole. Great Firework Display by Messrs.
C. T. Brock & Co.; second day of Archery
Fête.

FRIDAY, JULY 10th.—Concert by the Pupils of the Academy of
Music for the Blind; last day of Archery
Fête.

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Arrangements for the issue of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets
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For particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, May, 1874.

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JULY SERVICE. VICTORIA TO BRIGHTON EXPRESS TRAINS.

IMPORTANT ALTERATIONS.

The Brighton Express formerly leaving Victoria at 3.55 p.m. will leave at 3.30 p.m., arriving at Brighton at 4.45 p.m.

The Brighton Express formerly leaving Victoria at 5.0 p.m. will leave at 4.45 p.m., arriving at Brighton at 6.0 p.m.

A New Express Train for Brighton will leave Victoria at 5.43 p.m., arriving at Brighton at 7.15 p.m.

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Fares—1st class, Half-a-guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, including the Special Fast Train leaving Brighton at 9.30 p.m.

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Trains will run between BISHOPSGATE and ST. PANCRAS and NEWMARKET as under:—

From	From	Down.	Due at
St. Pancras.	Bishopsgate.		Newmarket.
6.45 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class...	10.52 a.m.
7.48 a.m.	8.55 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class...	11.52 a.m.
10.35 a.m.	10.40 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class...	12.45 p.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class (Express)	2.13 p.m.
		4.5 p.m.	2.13 p.m.
		5.0 p.m.	2.13 p.m.
		1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class (Express)	7.37 p.m.

Returning from Newmarket at 8.39 a.m., 12.32 p.m., and 4.32 p.m.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 7th, 9th, and 10th July, a Special Train of First Class Carriages for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 9.0 a.m., and Bishopsgate at 9.0 a.m., returning from Newmarket to Bishopsgate and St. Pancras One Hour after the advertised time of the Last Race.

On Tuesday, 7th July, a Special Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave St. Pancras at 8.25 a.m. and Bishopsgate at 8.20 a.m. for Newmarket.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 7th, 9th, and 10th July inclusive, a Special Train will leave Newmarket for Cambridge at 6.0 p.m., to meet the Evening Trains to Bishopsgate, St. Pancras, St. Ives, Huntingdon, and Wisbeach.

On Friday, 10th July, a Special Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Newmarket for Bishopsgate and St. Pancras at 4.25 p.m.

London, June, 1874. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

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MONDAYS, 3

WEDNESDAYS, and 8

SATURDAYS, 3

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IMPLEMENTS.

nor have we any fear but that Mr. Toole will receive such a welcome on the other side of the water as shall amply satisfy even the most *exigent* appetite for popularity, a sentiment which, in our opinion, can seldom, and in an actor never, be carried to excess. With regard to Mr. Toole himself, Lord Rosebery said, "I should like to tell you why we have given him this dinner. We have given it to Mr. Toole because we appreciate his humour, which is always cheerful and pure, because we are grateful to him for the many happy evenings we have spent in his presence, because we feel that old age as well as childhood, the genius as well as the fool, every class and every variety of condition, has been delighted with his witticisms. And, lastly, gentlemen, we have given this dinner because we feel that we are about to lose one who has delighted all England, and done more to charm the nation than probably any other man living. We feel that all his harmless gaiety is about to be eclipsed; but, in losing him, we would rather spare him to our cousins across the Atlantic than to any other nation on the earth. It would be difficult for any Englishman to meet with a cold welcome in America. We have not to fear (addressing Mr. Toole) that you will not be well received; but the American enthusiasm may induce you for a moment to forget English devotion. We can only express the hope that you may return safely to this country, and that you may be spared for many years to afford renewed delight to thousands, indeed to a nation of friends," and, without any affectation of going beyond the limits of legitimate laudation, we may say that we heartily endorse every word which we have here quoted. There are many actors now on the stage who possess equal, if not possibly superior, claims to the admiration of the playgoing public, to those of Mr. Toole, in their own particular lines—but for the universality of his histrionic art, the power which he possesses in a peculiar degree of passing

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

there are few who can enter into competition with the hero of Wednesday evening. Mr. Toole's reply was as might have been expected, singularly modest and unaffected, and the tribute which he paid to many of his brethren of the sock and buskin, was happily chosen and worthily bestowed.

So much for the entertainment which has given us the motive of this short article—but there is another aspect in which we cannot fail to regard it. To see so large a number of men, all more or less eminent in their various professions, and not necessarily bound by any special associations or connections with the stage or the drama, meeting to do honour to a man like Mr. Toole, shows how forcible a hold the stage possesses over the minds and sympathies of all classes in the present day, and what a wealth of vitality there must be in the drama, that an occasion such as this should have exercised for them such a power of attraction. America has taken from us many of our best actors, and as yet it has made but a poor return, though certainly it has amply compensated in quality for the absence of quantity in its reinforcements to the British stage. The latest accession to the American boards will, we are assured, not be the least noteworthy in the history of the Transatlantic stage; and there can be little doubt but that the compliment paid to Mr. Toole the other evening, will add one more impulse to the feelings of pride with which he regards the profession of which he is so worthy an ornament, and stimulate other less distinguished actors to renewed study and exertions in the career in which he has preceded them.

MDLLE. AGAR.

THE subject of our notice this week, who is about shortly to make her *début* before an English audience, is Mdlle. Agar of the Comédie Française, an artiste whom public opinion on the continent has justly assigned a foremost place on the tragic stage, by the side of Rachel and Ristori, with whose impersonations the more intelligent of British playgoers are more or less familiar.

Mdlle. Agar made her first appearance in 1859 as a singer in company with Michot and Marie Sass, and possessing a magnificent contralto voice, it might have been supposed that her future career would have lain in the direction of the lyric stage, but when in 1860 Ricourt, the founder of the journal *L'Artiste* and a professor of elocution of considerable eminence at that time, heard the young cantatrice, he was as much struck with the singular grace and nobility of her attitudes and gestures, as with the depth and flexibility of her voice, and succeeded in persuading her to devote her talents to tragedy. It was thus, that under his instruction she gave herself up with ardour to the study of the great tragic poets and dramatists, and made such rapid progress in her art, that Ricourt, full of enthusiasm for the gifted actress whose talents he was proud to believe himself the first to have discovered, was in the habit of accosting everybody he met, with "Have you heard Agar?" much in the same way as La Fontaine was wont to ask, "Have you read Baruch?" On one occasion the celebrated painter Eugène Delacroix went to see her, and was particularly impressed with the natural, easy, and graceful manner in which the young artist wore the antique drapery which formed her costume on the occasion. More than one of his studies are said to have been inspired by this interesting encounter, and it was from Mdlle. Agar that he drew his celebrated "Gaul."

The tragedienne on her part, profited, we may readily believe, by the counsels and instructions of such a master, as is evidenced to this day by the dignity and elegance of her poses, which are worthy of serving as models for the sculptor.

In 1862, Mdlle. Agar appeared at the Odéon in the rôle of "Phèdre," which was certainly a bold attempt for so young an actress, since in the whole range of tragic characters, "Phèdre" is certainly the most difficult and complex. Notwithstanding this, Agar displayed in the part such dramatic qualities, that from the moment of her first appearance, the press were unanimous in their demand that she should make her *entrée* before the audience of the Comédie Française. About the same time, in the character of "Faustine" at the Porte St. Martin, she created a positive *furore*, and her ultimate success was no longer within the possibility of doubt.

Soon afterwards Mdlle. Agar completed her triumphs by sustaining the parts of "Phèdre" and "Andromaque" on the boards of the Théâtre Français, and it will be easily understood what an enormous success she achieved, when we state that Théophile Gautier and Jules Janin, among a host of other critics, hailed her performances with the most enthusiastic praise. Her representations at this theatre were a succession of the most brilliant ovations, and at the close of one of these nights, when the house was ringing with the acclamations of an excited audience, Emile

Deshamps, the poet, advanced and addressed to her the following verses:—

Courage, Agar! Corneille et Racine et Shakespeare,
De nos cours et de l'art divin, dont ils sont rois,
Avec vous tous les soirs partageront l'empire;
Ils sont la mélodie, et vous êtes la voix!
Courage! vous, leur jeune et pieuse interprète!
Les vents sont déchaînés, la mer gronde, et pourtant,
De perles en périls, le triomphe s'apprête,
Et de Rachel enfin la palme vous attend!

In 1865, a piece called *La Conjuration d'Amboise* was produced at the Odéon, and there was no one to be found worthily to sustain the chief character, that of "Catherine de Medicis," but Mdlle. Agar, who accordingly returned to the Odéon, where she remained till 1869, when she again appeared at the Théâtre Français, where fresh triumphs awaited her, and where she continued to charm the Parisian public with her wonderful impersonations during the space of three years. As an instance of her success, we may mention that in the month of June, 1872, after an absence of three months, upon Mdlle. Agar reappearing in the rôle of "Emilie" in *Cinna*, the receipts of the house, which eight days before when *Athalie* was being performed, were no more than 1200 francs, rose to 5,600 francs, which has never been exceeded for a tragic performance since the time of Rachel.

Towards the end of 1872 Mdlle. Agar made a tour of the provinces, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. It seemed that every day added to her laurel wreath a fresh leaf. She subsequently returned to the Comédie Française, whence she has now determined to pay a visit to "perfid Albion," and it is announced that on Monday next she will make her first appearance on a London stage, supported by a company of artistes from the Comédie Française and the Odéon, at the St. James's Theatre in Corneille's tragedy of *Horace*. It remains to be seen whether our less demonstrative national temperament will endorse the verdict of our friends across the channel, but there can be little doubt that critics of every type and shade indulge in the most extravagant anticipations of the powers of the actress, whose portrait adorns our front page, and that, as far as such things can be, her success amongst us seems assured beforehand.

The Drama.

AT last the stagnation existing for several weeks in the theatrical world has been broken by the production of three novelties during the week, which have to be included with the other changes and arrangements at the theatres in our usual chronicle, and will be found noticed in detail in another column. Of these novelties two are by Mr. F. C. Burnand, *Better Late than Never*, an eccentric comedy in two acts, produced at the Royalty on Saturday evening, and an amusing comedietta, entitled *One Too Many*, with music by Mr. F. H. Cowen, at German Reed's entertainment at St. Georges's Hall on Monday evening. The third is Mr. Dion Boucicault's comedy-drama, in six acts, *Led Astray*, which, founded on the French comedy, *La Tentation*, has already been performed in the United States, and was brought out for the first time in London at the Gaiety on Wednesday evening. A fourth novelty, a new comedy by Mr. Robert Buchanan, entitled *A Mad-Cap Prince*, was announced for Monday last at the Haymarket, but was postponed till next Monday, but has again been postponed, and is not likely to be produced until Monday, the 3rd of August, when Mr. Buckstone takes his annual benefit, and the season there terminates.

Before proceeding with our usual summary, some minor changes in the casts of some of the current pieces have to be noted. At the Globe, Miss Emily Muir has replaced Miss Augusta Thomson as "Clairette" in *La Fille de Madame Angot*; Miss Amy Roselle, having been previously engaged to play in *Led Astray*, at the Gaiety, her part of "Lady Alice," in the revived comedy, *Old Hearts and Young Hearts*, at the Vaudeville, has been sustained since Tuesday night, by Miss Furtado (Mrs. J. Clarke); Miss Kate Phillips having resigned her engagement at the Court, her part in Mr. Frank Marshall's amusing comedy, *Brighton*, is now filled by Miss Julia Vokins, and Miss A. Hatherley replaces her as "Cupid" in the extravaganza *Calypso*; and at the Philharmonic, Miss Catharine Lewis has again replaced Miss Julia Mathews as "Mdlle. Lange" in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and her vacated rôle of "Clairette" has been filled by Miss Clifton.

The Princess of Trebizonde was represented for the last time at the Gaiety matinée on Saturday, with the same cast as on the preceding week, and the company engaged in it, with the exception of Mr. Robert Soutar, have since started on a provincial tour, commencing on Monday last at Leicester.

The second morning performances of *Giroflé-Girofia* took place at the Opera Comique, and Mr. J. B. Rae took a benefit at the Globe the same afternoon, when the programme consisted of an interesting and attractive selection from several popular pieces, supported by contingents from the leading West-end theatres, who readily came forward to aid their veteran brother artist.

The Queen's was again opened, for one night, on Saturday, for the annual benefit of Mr. Morris Jacobs, so long connected with the box-office of this theatre. A very fair audience attended, as Mr. Jacobs had provided an excellent programme, comprising *The Lady of Lyons* and the comedy of *Charles the Second*, both of which were very commendably represented, indeed much better than such high-class pieces generally are by "scratch" companies. In Lord Lytton's play Mr. William Rignold sustained the part of "Claude Melnotte" with judicious care and good taste; Mr. T. Mead was "Colonel Dumas"; and Miss Lotti Wilnot essayed the ambitious rôle of "Pauline." In the comedy the principal characters were sustained by Mr. G. F. Neville, from the Royalty, as the "Merry Monarch"; Mr. Wainwright as "Captain Copp"; Mr. Alfred Nelson as "Rochester"; Miss Annie Taylor, from the Olympic, as "Edward"; Miss Leslie as "Lady Clara"; and Miss Kate Hodson as "Mary Copp." At the Standard the same evening Miss Ada Ward terminated her engagement, appearing on that night as "Pauline" in *The Lady of Lyons*, and as "Mrs. Haller" in *The Stranger*; and on Monday evening Craven Robertson's "Caste" company, who are engaged here for a series of representations of the late T. Robertson's comedies, opened with *School*, the first time this favourite comedy has been played in London, away from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and have repeated it during the week with great success.

Mr. Charles Mathews terminated his engagement at the Gaiety on Tuesday evening, making his last two appearances on Monday and Tuesday, in *Used Up*, and *Patter v. Clatter*, and on the latter evening Tom Taylor's historical play *Clancarty*, reached its hundredth representation at the Olympic, and seems rather to increase than lessen in its attractions.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new comedy, *A Mad-Cap Prince*, announced for production next Monday, seems now to be indefinitely postponed, at all events until the 3rd of August, when Mr. Buckstone takes his annual benefit, and terminates the season. *Good for Nothing* with Mrs. Alfred Mellon as "Nan," *The Overland Route* have occupied the bill during the week, and are to be repeated all next week. Although the season at the Criterion is announced to close on Friday next, the 10th instant, when *An American Lady* will have attained an uninterrupted run of a hundred nights, there is every likelihood from the continued

success of Mr. Byron's comedy, and of the recently revived *Bonnie Fishwife*, that this house will remain open till the end of the London season. The long-standing programme of the Strand, comprising *May, or Dolly's Delusion*, and *Nemesis*, the latter close upon its three hundredth repetition, underwent an entire change on Thursday night, for the annual benefit of Mrs. Swanborough, when the celebrated Strand burlesque of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* was revived in great splendour with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, preceded by the comedy of *Paul Pry*, in which Mr. E. Terry sustained for the first time the character of the inquisitive hero, and Miss Ada Swanborough appeared as "Phoebe"; the programmes of the other theatres remain unchanged, *A Waltz by Arditi*, *The Prayer in the Storm*, and *Magic Toys* at the Adelphi; *The School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's; *Old Heads and Young Hearts* at the Vandeville; *Brighton and Calypso* at the Court; *Madame Angot* at the Globe; *Giroflé-Girofia* at the Opera Comique; and *La Jolie Parfumeuse* and the ballet *Flick-Flock* at the Alhambra, at which last named house a special morning performance, in celebration of the opening of Leicester Square, took place on Thursday, when the theatre was open free to the public—boxes and stalls being reserved only for those holding vouchers for the opening ceremony in the square.

At the French plays at the Princess's, *Les Domestiques* preceded by *Le Piano de Berthe* were represented on Monday and Tuesday, *Tricocce et Cacolet* was given on Wednesday and Thursday, and *Le Voyage en Chine* was revived last night, and will be repeated this evening.

To-day a third morning performance of *Giroflé-Girofia* will take place at the Opera Comique; and the first grand morning performance of the "Viennese Ladies' Orchestra" will be given at the Alhambra.

The season at three theatres will be brought to a termination to-night. At the Lyceum, where *Eugene Aram*, with Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Isabel Bateman in their original characters, has been repeated during the week, performances will take place in the afternoon and evening for the benefit of Mr. H. L. Bateman. At both performances will be represented the third act of *The Bells*, with Mr. Irving as "Mathias," the guilty Burgomaster; the second act of *Philip*, with Miss Virginia Francis, Miss Isabel Bateman, and Mr. Irving; the fourth act of *Charles I.*, with Mr. Irving, Mr. Clayton, and Miss Isabel Bateman; and in addition to these selections from Lyceum successes, Miss Bateman will appear as the heroine in the famous churchyard scene in the fourth act of *Leah*. Mr. Irving will also sustain the part of "Jeremy Diddler" in the farce of *Raising the Wind*, at the evening performance only. The theatre will shortly re-open for a short season of opera bouffe by Mr. Charles Morton's company, under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, who will appear in *La Perichole*, among other operas. The St. James's season closes with the benefit of Mr. Fairlie, who, in addition to the successful *Vert-Vert*, will revive for his patrons on this occasion, Offenbach's opera bouffe *The Bridge of Sighs*, with the original cast. The house will also re-open on Monday next for a series of French classical plays, supported by Mdlle. Agar of the Comédie Française, and a company from that theatre and the Odéon, Paris. The opening performance on Monday will comprise Racine's comedy *Les Plaideurs* and Corneille's tragedy *Horace*, in the latter of which Mdlle. Agar will appear as "Camille." At the Philharmonic the season winds up with the last representation of *La Fille de Madame Angot* which has had such a prolonged run. As Mr. Charles Head, the proprietor, has the exclusive right of representing *Giroflé-Girofia* in English, he may soon re-open with the English version of this *opera-bouffe*.

In addition to Messrs. Valnay and Pitron's company at the Princess's, and Mdlle. Agar and the artistes from the Comédie Française and Odéon at the St. James', a third company of French artistes, that of the Vaudeville, Paris, will take up their quarters at the Queen's, which they open to-night with Victorien Sardou's last celebrated comedy *L'Oncle Sam* with the original cast including Mdlle. Fargueil, Mdlle. Massin, Mons. Parade, Mons. St. Germain, &c., &c.

MR. FAIRLIE will take *Vert-Vert* into the provinces, commencing on Monday week, at Manchester, Miss Camille Dubois of the Lydia Thompson troupe, joining his company to play "Vert-Vert."

IT is rumoured that Mr. Henderson has taken the Charing-cross Theatre for Lydia Thompson (Mrs. Henderson), and that Mr. Boucicault contemplates taking the Princess's, to produce two of his American successes, *Mimi*, founded on Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, and *Denis O'Dowd*.

MR. CHARLES MORTON'S OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY will, we learn, open at the Lyceum Theatre, on Saturday, 1st August, for a few weeks, under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, prior to their departure for America. During their stay, Miss Soldene will represent Mdlle. Lange, the Grand Duchess, and La Perichole, the two latter for the first time. The company appear at the Lyceum, New York, in October next.

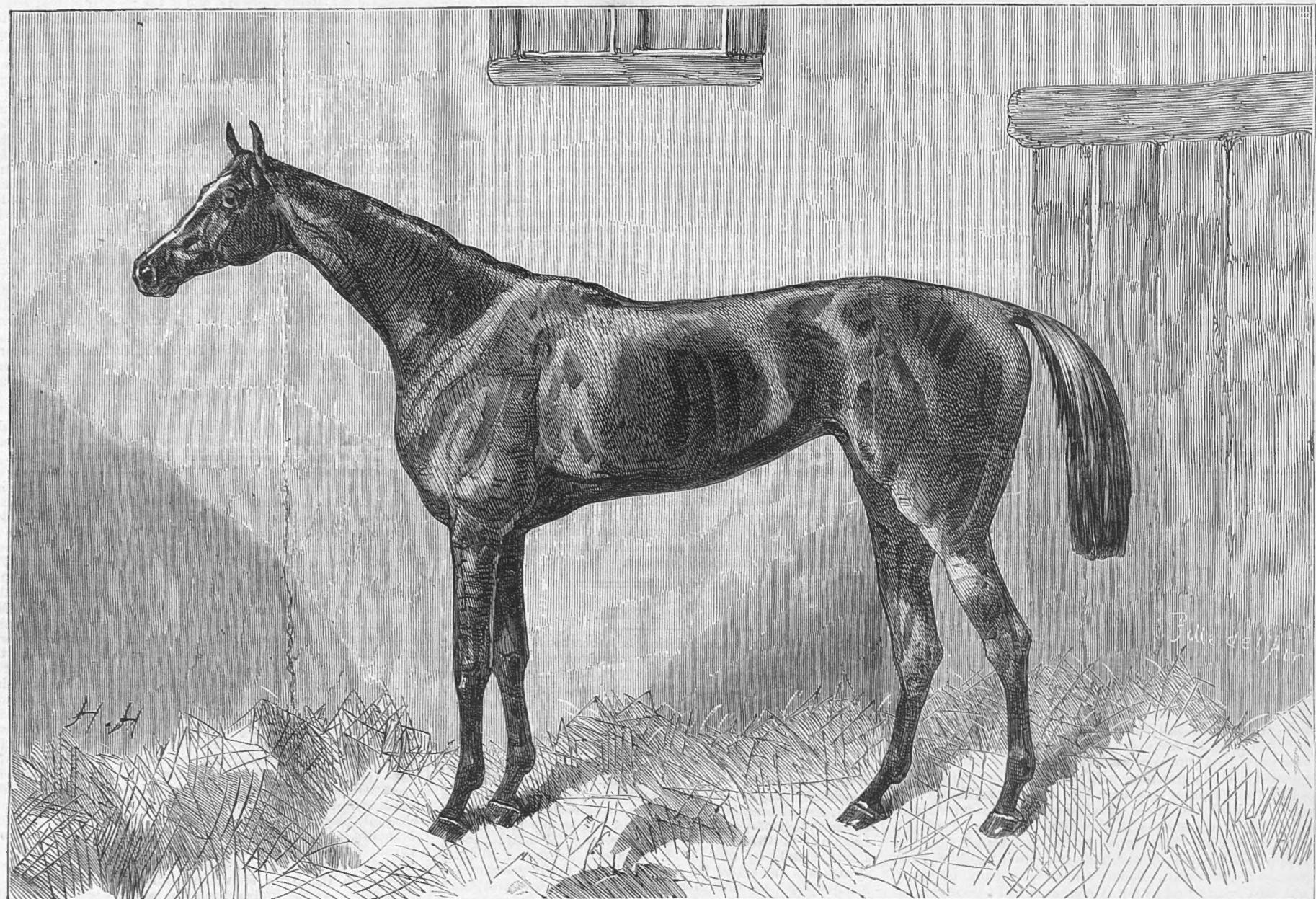
WINDSOR THEATRE.—This theatre on Richmond-green, which was thoroughly renovated and redecorated about five years ago, at an expense of nearly £4,000, has recently been purchased by Col. Richardson-Gardiner, member for the borough, for the sum of £1800. This quaint old theatre, as described by *The Builder*, with its outer staircase to the boxes and steps down into the pit, is a place of considerable interest in the history of the stage. It was built in 1765, and Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Quick, Munden, Liston, and many other celebrities, have acted on its boards. Edmund Kean was lessee for a time, and lived in a small dwelling-house attached to the theatre, during the season that it was opened.

MR. E. DANVERS announces a morning performance at the Opera Comique on Wednesday next, when he will have the aid of leading members of the Strand, Olympic, Court, and Alhambra Companies.

A NEW weekly journal under the title of *Leicester Square* will shortly be started under the auspices of high philanthropic influence. *Leicester Square* will not only be a general local newspaper, but it will appear as the organ of rational amusements and play places for the people, and its leading specialities will be the advocacy and promotion of the measures propounded by the Play-Ground Society, in which the late Charles Dickens was so keenly interested.

BREAKFAST.—*Epps's Cocoa—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.*—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.—Sold by Grocers in Packets only, labelled *JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle-street, and 170, Ficcadilly; Works, Euston-road, London.*—[ADVT.]

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The scrofulous and consumptive will find in these noble remedies, the means of casting out the bad humours which originate and prolong their sufferings. The ointment should be well rubbed twice a day over the skin, as near as possible to the part affected. It will penetrate and act most wholesomely and energetically on the diseased structure. It manifests a wonderful power in removing all taints from the blood, and consequently in curing a multitude of chronic ailments which seemed to be almost irremediable. No invalid who carefully studies the plain instructions folded round every packet of Holloway's medicine will be at a loss how his preparations can be used to the greatest advantage.



"FILLE DE L'AIR."

FILLE DE L'AIR.

FILLE DE L'AIR, or, "Filly de Hair," as the Ring would have it, was the first of those French wonders which took the English Turf by storm, and whose successes culminated in the mighty Gladiateur. So jealous of French triumphs were English sportsmen, that all sorts of innuendoes about "over age" came to be whispered about, and the French stable was in anything but good odour, until Mr. William Day kindly gave his disinterested services in inspecting Gladiateur's dental system at Doncaster. Any one might have looked into his mouth at Middle Park a couple of years after, and with the same result. But we are wandering away from the wiry daughter of Faugh-a-Ballagh, whose two-year-old labours began at Epsom in the Woodcote, wherein she succeeded in clipping the wings of flying Molly Carew, but the next day but one succumbed, like King of the Forest, Marie Stuart, and many other good ones, to speedier foes, in Midnight Mass and Tomato, when conceding weight to both. Watkins was her early two-year-old pilot, and in his hands she made Scottish Chief doff his bonnet in the Goodwood Molecomb, and with Hunter in the saddle, walked over for the Biennial at Brighton Ely cut both her and Linda down in the Doncaster Champagne, the two fillies, who had orders to "come through," running themselves to a standstill, and that the French mare felt the effects of her severe race was palpable enough on the Thursday, when, with the worst of the weights once more, she could hardly get within hail of Coastguard and Prince Arthur. Again in the Hopeful, the extra weight and sprint course troubled her (for she was a somewhat indifferent beginner), and Yamuna and Tom foolery beat her easily. She won a sweepstakes from the moderate Woodcraft and Gondola (both stud matrons of some reputation) the same week, and then coming out refreshed at the Houghton Meeting, boldly threw down the gauntlet to her old enemies Coast Guard, Prince Arthur, and Ely in the Criterion. The race that year was postponed to the Cambridge-shire Tuesday, on account of the fog, and the Heath was still wrapped in mist when Fille de l'Air came romping home up the "Shepherd's track" in front of her scattered field. Consequently she went into winter quarters with a bettered reputation, and a strong favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas. After some very "fishy doings" in the market, she started first favourite for the great Rowley Mile contest in Arthur Edwards's hands, but she could only look on while General Peel settled the "evil hearted Paris," and provoked all sorts of remarks by her strange performance. Crossing the "streak of silver sea" she went down before Baronetia, and Bayard in the Poule d'Essai, but walked away with the Prix de Diane from a lot of nonentities. For the Epsom Oaks she started a very strong favourite at 6 to 4 and won with great ease from the Baron's pair, Breeze and Tomato, and a large field. At Brighton she had only Peon to beat, but he ran her rather close, and she then crossed the Channel to have her revenge on Bayard in the great St. Leger of France at Moulins. At Baden she won her matches with Vermout and Beatrice, but had to play second fiddle to the conqueror of Blair Athol and that stout horse Dollar in the Grand Prize of Baden. However she won the rubber against Vermout, when they met again at Paris in September, and continuing her victorious career, won the Newmarket Oaks and Derby in Arthur Edwards' care from fairish fields, quite at her leisure. At the Houghton Meeting she walked over for a

Free Handicap, but in trying her fortune in a second, failed to concede the weight to the speedy Master Richard and the "bold Baragah," though both Cambuscan and Breeze were behind her. Next year she came out with all the promise of developing into a Cup mare though, strange to say it was in this class of contest that she met with her only defeat, of which more anon. The Derby Trial Stakes was a mere canter for her, and the next day she handsomely settled General Peel in the two mile Claret. She won the Paris Cup and a Biennial from a couple of wretched performers, and then "over the dark blue waters" again to perfidious Albion to lower the colours of those she had previously defeated in the Ascot Cup. In poor Harry Grimshaw's charge, and an equal favourite with General Peel, she seemed never to be in the race, and yet with the proverbial fickleness of her race, she gave Strafford 7lb and a beating in the Alexandra Plate next day. After this the English turf saw no more of her, for though heavily backed for the Goodwood Cup, she was withdrawn, and Gladiateur had to follow something else in his St. Leger preparation. Fille de l'Air enjoyed by no means a savoury reputation on the Turf, and the following lines, published at the time of the fracas between Tom Jennings and a tout, accurately describe the situation, though merely incidentally introduced:—

From late in December till early in May,
The fair Fille de l'Air held incredible sway
In the Guineas quotations right up to the day,
And the Frenchman's despair,
When this wonderful mare,
As they natively expressed it, was 'never novare'
(Though the odds were so short that they didn't much care).
They were quite recompensed when the daughter of air,
For once on the square,
Walked in for the Oaks with a good deal to spare."

Since her withdrawal to the stud she has made her name famous as the dam of Reine, M. Lefevre's Oaks winner, a fair animal, but hardly worthy of Monarque and his illustrious consort. Still, "handsome is that handsome does," and Reine at least ran consistently, though her two-year-old form was contemptible, and scarcely anyone even knew her pedigree until she effected such a surprise over the Ditch or "Ladies'" Mile.

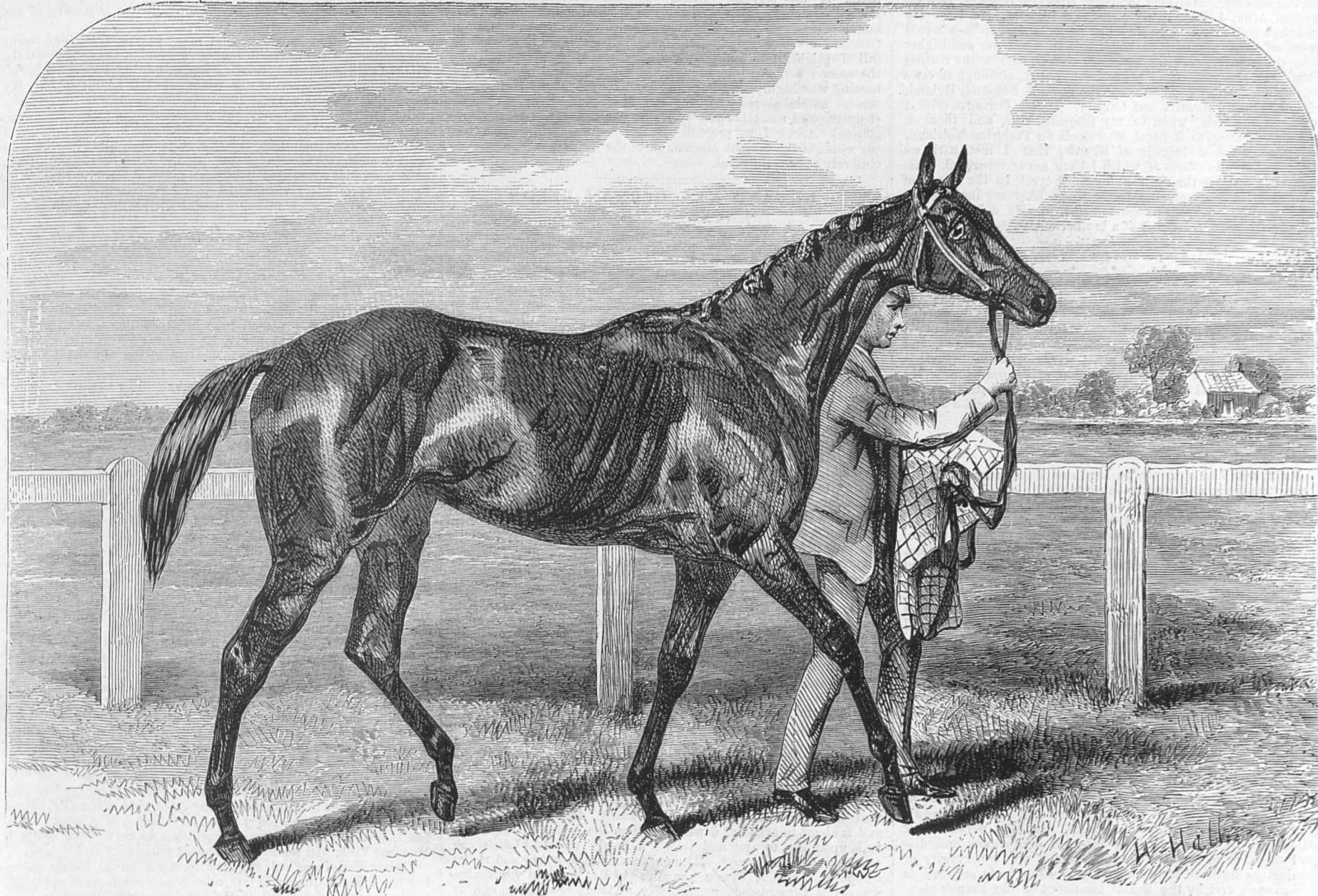
CALLER OU.

We are not going to weary our readers by a recital of the performances of this celebrated mare, for we could not point a very interesting moral from her public performances, however great the temptation to adorn a tale by an account of her sensational St. Leger, or long and chequered career on the turf. Our engraving renders faithfully enough her general characteristics,—short drooping quarters, switch tail, strong short back, high withers, and plain head. Caller Ou, like many other good ones, was not a taking animal; and we thought, when we visited L'Anson's paddocks in "Pretender's year," that she was one of the commonest of the Belgravian mothers cropping the sweet grass which half a score of other Malton celebrities have thriven on since the green and yellow banner waved over Spring Cottage. At the stud she has not done wonders as yet; and Pandore, The Pearl, and Poldoody are not shining lights from which breeders can draw much consolation. Newminster, Beadsman, and Adventurer have courted her in vain; but there is plenty of time yet to experiment on other strains of blood, to obtain the much-desired "nick." The North knew and loved "t'auld mare," and with the pitmen she grew into quite

as great a favourite as their little pet "Unnyhand," whose success upon Newcastle Town Moor she was within an ace of rivalling. In the South she was a name of fear in Queen's Plates, as she sidled down to the post swishing her tail, and looking more like a "clothes-horse" than one of the best stayers and truest triers on the Turf. Most of us will remember her as she led Blair Athol in his canter on the Derby Day; and going farther back we can recall the suppressed groan of emotion as Chaloner kept her just a head in front from the distance at Doncaster, and the "Drum" had to beat a retreat at last. The tan gallop on Langton Weld could tell its tale of the many juvenile examinations she conducted, and how true a timekeeper she was to the stable.

Her two-year-old career held out no great promise, but she was generally there or thereabouts, under Charlton's, or Aldcroft's pilotage, and her running with Dictator on two occasions was creditable, as Fobert's colt was no mean performer during Dundee's two-year-old season. The next year she only scored eight wins out of seventeen starts; and Grimshaw, Bullock, Doyle, and Robertson all had a turn at her, but without getting hold of her "mouth-secret," as the "Druid" so tersely put it; but Chaloner put things to rights in the Leger, before which she was on sale to Lord Stamford, who preferred to let Imans run for him on the off chance. Then she scored four victories straight off the reel, but found a sterner foe in Oldminster over the Border. In 1862 her form was that of a mere plater, and she had to knock under to Bellman at the Curragh, though revenge came quickly enough. Gorse, The Knave, and Tommy Jones played her the same trick, and Johnny Osborne and Jem Snowden tried their hands on her in vain. She won her first Northumberland Plate the next year, and any number of Queen's Plates, besides walking over for the Brighton Cup, having been saddled twenty-seven times and only ten times without effects. Another Northumberland trophy fell to her in Blair Athol's year, besides the York Cup, and the circuit on Her Majesty's service was as profitable as ever. In 1865 Brown Bread beat her at Newcastle, and Ely for the Cup at Brighton, but still she kept picking up plates here and there, and collected signatures from the Master of the Horse all about the country. After that, having been stripped over one hundred times, and with between forty and fifty winning "brackets" to her name, she bade farewell to trials at home and journeys abroad, having fully earned the rest she enjoys in paddock shades. Uncertain and wayward in public, people made allowance for her little eccentricities, and mobbed her wherever she went, a very cosmopolite of the Turf, not shrinking from encounters with the cracks of the day, nor disdaining to make an example of the crooks pitted against her so presumptuously at minor meetings.

The "Druid" says, "I'Anson had almost made up his mind to send her dam Queen Mary to West Australian in 1857, but he changed his mind and chose Stockwell for her. He gave effect to his first fancy the next season, but she returned from Grimston barren, with Caller Ou at her feet. Scott told him, by way of consolation, that the little brown filly was a clipper, and that no foal in the paddock could come near her when she galloped. She never lost a trial either at two or three years old; and nothing in the stable could take more work, provided she was allowed to do it by herself. In point of action it was Blink Bonny for choice, but their head notions were totally different. If Blink's jockey pulled hers up, she would have it down again, whereas if Caller Ou got excited, and pulled about, up it went, and she would fight and wear herself out. Her first two-year-old trial was half a mile



"CALLER OU."

at even weights with the four-year-old Donati. Her victory was so hollow, that l'Anson tried them over again, and found it to be a true bill. Soon after that, a friend came through the stable, and casually remarked as they passed, 'If she could knock Donati over at evens, I'd give a thousand for her ;' but l'Anson never answered a word. After Beverley, he began to think that Donati was a deceiver, and her post-breaking feat at Carlisle did not improve matters.' The argument that horses run in all shapes holds especially good in the case of Caller Ou. There was nothing of that fine length and quality we are accustomed to associate with the highest class animals, but the secret of excellence in machinery must have been there, and when once she was set going, all her imperfections and short-comings were forgotten. Her curious temperament naturally led to all sorts of ill-natured remarks, as to the owner's intentions, but as far as he was concerned, "tauld mare" ran straight enough ; and though many had their "leg-up" with a view to humour her whims and fancies, none ever succeeded like Chaloner, whose good hands and cool patience worked more wonders than the "vigorous" style of his rivals.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

AMONG "the wild vicissitudes of taste" nothing can be more striking than the change that has taken place in the sports of "merry England;" the sportsman of the present time being as unlike the one of bygone days as the brilliancy of gas is to the dark oily rays—the light of other days. Commence we with hunting: early in the present century, hounds met shortly after daylight in the morning, and generally killed their fox by 1 p.m. The pace would now be voted dead slow, as a fair hunting run lasted three or four hours. A good hunter, quite equal to the work required, could be purchased for eighty or ninety guineas, while the light weights could be mounted for a little more than half that sum. The dinner hour varied from four to six, upon which occasions "potations pottle deep" of strong port wine were drunk—as were many of the company. Breakfasts were substantial meals, consisting of rounds of beef, hams, tongues, strong beer, &c.

"So unlike the ghost

of your common-place breakfasts ; your tea and your toast," and bread and cheese and Old October ale formed the lunch. Mark the contrast! Hounds now meet at 11 o'clock ; a burst of five and twenty or thirty minutes, or a run of an hour at racing pace is considered a splendid day's sport ; three hundred guineas is the average price of a Leicestershire hunter, though a light weight may mount himself for a hundred ; a breakfast à la fourchette at 10 ; sandwiches, sherry and cigars about two o'clock, and dinner at 7.30 or 8 o'clock, are the meals of the sportsmen of our time. Shooting, too, has undergone a great change, instead of using well-bred setters and pointers, the game is driven up to you, and at a *battue* deadly slaughter takes place at what is termed a hot corner. A lover of the trigger, when George III. was king, was satisfied with ten or twenty brace; now he is not content unless he kills a hundred. Deer stalking has undergone no great change, except that the hour for taking the field is later; and the followers of Isaak Walton pursue their sport much after the manner of that celebrated piscator. Yachting has improved wonderfully ; in former days

there was no vessel above twenty tons in the Thames Yacht Club, now there are many of two and three hundred. Boating on the Thames is no longer patronised by the nobility, as it was when the Duke of Beaufort (then Marquis of Worcester, father to the present head of the Somerset family), the late Sir George Wombwell, Lord Forbes, and the officers of the Guards had splendid four and eight-oared cutters. The "Varsity" contest for the blue riband of the Thames, the Henley Regatta, the fourth of June at Eton, still flourish as they were wont to do. Hurlingham and the Shepherd's Bush gun clubs are more fashionably patronised than the Red House, Battersea, and the Old Hats at Acton were wont to be. Polo and rink skating have been successfully introduced, and cricket still ranks high as our best national game. The change, however, in the way it is carried out is prodigious. Men are encased in armour to save their limbs from the flying ball, a slow bowler is a *rara avis*, and the scores made are a wonderful increase upon those gained by the third Duke of Richmond, Lord Frederick Beauclerc, Skirmish, Bligh, Lord Winchilsea, Hon. Henry Tufton, Richard Leigh, Hon. A. Upton, and other cricketers, now long since gathered to their ancestors. Gentlemen jockeys are infinitely more numerous than they were forty years ago, and we have them quite equal to Delme Radcliffe (father of the present owner of Hitchin Priory), Lords Charles Somerset, Frederick Bentinck, Sackville, Jersey, and Lowther ; Messrs. Lindon, Douglas, and Mellish.

Having offered a few remarks upon sport in general, I now proceed to lay before my readers my own experience in the amusements of the field and river. My earliest recollections refer to the period when I was eight years of age, and to a now well-known and sweet spot, Goodwood. Picnic parties, cricket, and drives to the neighbouring city of Chichester, diversified the scenery during the bright part of the year, and in winter, shooting and hunting parties enlivened the vicinity. Cricket was always a favourite game at Goodwood, and one in which my father indulged greatly ; no wonder then that I soon learned to "handle the bat, and show how scores were won." It was the practice in those days to play for large sums of money, almost every match of cricket was for 1,000 guineas, seldom less than 500 guineas ; and in the season of 1794 I find eight matches of 1,000 guineas, and five of 500 guineas, amounting to 10,500 guineas—that was keeping the ball up with a vengeance. At Goodwood gambling was disconcerned, and a supper furnished, by the losing to the winning side, was all that was ever played for in the park. The origin of cricket is doubtful, but there is no doubt that the game is of ancient date. In the Wardrobe Account of the 28th year of King Edward I. (A.D. 1300), published more than sixty years ago, by the Society of Antiquarians, among the entries of money issued for the use of his son Prince Edward in playing at different games, is the following item : "Domino Johanni de Leek capellano domini Edwardi fil ad creag et alias ludos per vices, per manus proprios Apud Weston 10 die Aprilis." It is remarked in the preface that there is no word in the glossaries that comes near the sense of a game, in which "creag" could have been used ; but some light may be thrown upon it by the following extract of a letter from Mr. Maurice, Jun., to Mr. Roger Gale, dated May 13, 1743, and printed in *Biblioth. Topog. Britan.* : "On discourse of plays, observing that the instrument used therat generally gives the denomination of the game, and recollecting all I could of the ball-plays used by the Greeks and Romans, and consulting Ballinger's

De Ludis Vet., Rouse, Godwyn, and Kennet, I find nothing of cricket there—I conceive it a Saxon game—'cricce,' a crooked club, as the bat is, wherewith they strike the ball ; as billiards I take to be a Norman pastime, from the 'billart,' a stick so called, from which they do the like therat." The variation of "creag" from "cricce" is certainly not very great, and, considering the long lapse of time, cricket cannot be deemed an extraordinary corruption of either of these words. Is it not, therefore, a probable conclusion, from the above cited article in the Wardrobe Accounts, that cricket was an old English game ? that almost five hundred years ago, it was nearly so denominated, and that then it was a favourite pastime with the Prince of Wales. Nor is it unlikely that John de Leek, his highness's chaplain, might be his play-fellow. Another authority—Mr. Barrington—has suggested that, in a proclamation of Edward III., A.D. 1363, cricket is alluded to under two Latin words denoting the ball and bat sport ; as also in statute of 17 Edward IV., A.D. 1474, by the pastime of "hand yn and hand out." To return to myself, every afternoon when the studies of the day were over, my brothers (alas ! I am the last remaining of seven) practised upon the velvet sward of Goodwood Park. "Associations are the bees of imagination, and, wandering through all nature, may be said to distil honey from every fair object on which they light," so writes the author of "Darnley" and "Richelieu," and certainly there is no amusement that brings back the associations of the days, "the merry days when we were young," more vividly to our remembrance than the game of cricket. "In my mind's eye," I see my first juvenile attempt at tip and run ; when hats, piled upon one another, formed the wicket ; and I was as proud of my bowling and batting, as if I were a precocious Lillywhite or Broadbridge. I next picture to myself the fagging-out system, at Westminster, when my hours of recreation were devoted to standing "long-stop" to some merciless master, who rewarded my labours by bowling at my legs, "shying" the ball at my head, and taunting me with the agreeable appellations of milk-sop and butter-fingers, when I unfortunately missed a catch. A bright spot now appears ; I am in the fifth form and have fags of my own, am one of the eleven "town boys against King's Scholars," Tothill field is the scene of my glory ; dressed in the extreme of then cricketing fashion—straw hat, flannel jacket, white duck trousers, "I fancy the world looking upon my prowess :"

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

Before a dozen balls are delivered, a regular "swiper," the "pila velox"—as Horace calls it, from an Herculean "tug-mutton," as the King's, now Queen's scholars were irreverently termed—puts me hors de combat, and I am reluctantly carried off the ground, and placed under the care of my dame's housekeeper, to enjoy that universal school panacea against all ills—a black draught—leaving the game, and what was worse, the dinner I had subscribed to, to be devoured by the two hungry elevens, one reduced to a "council of ten." Imagination then takes me to the Prater at Vienna, where, during the congress of crowned heads in 1815, I with a few English attachés showed the Austrians our national game. Then I am carried to the Park of Enghien, near Brussels, where, a few weeks previous to the battle of Waterloo, were assembled as fine a division as ever bore arms, or stood more "hard hitting" or "bowling out"—the division of Guards. The names of many gallant spirits, rise up before me, all except two of whom are

gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns;" Maitland, Saltoun, Hesketh, Bowster, Bowles, Standan, Allix, J. Rous (now Earl of Stradbroke), and Hay. My mind then wafts me to Quebec—*rayther* a "long hop"—where I remember scoring twenty on the plains of Abraham, and higher up in the country, making one of an eleven, within the roaring of Niagara's cataract. It will thus be seen that, although never a first-rate cricketer, I have followed the game in England, Ireland, Belgium, France, Austria and Canada. It was during a cricket match at Enghien, when in my fifteenth year, and then an extra aide-de-camp to General, afterwards Sir Peregrine Maitland, who commanded a brigade of Guards, that I met with an accident, from the effects of which I have never recovered, inasmuch, as it cost me the sight of my right eye. In the month of May, 1815, I was one of an eleven; when, after my innings was over, I was asked, being a light weight, to ride a horse for St. John of the—th against that of a brother officer.

"I was a goodly stripling then,
At seventy-four I so may say,

* * * * *

For I had strength, youth, gaiety."

The course was a circle of about half a mile, bounded on one side by a sheet of water, and studded on the other by a richly wooded plantation. The animal I rode was a Cossack; having exchanged my jean cricket jacket for a scarlet silk one, I mounted, and paraded before the refreshment tent, "pavoniggarsing" (there is no translating this word) "myself upon my appearance." My orders were "to take the lead and keep it." Then the word "off" was given, and in a moment I found myself a second Mazeppa,

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
We sped, like meteors through the sky."

The brute, who had a mouth as hard as a Russian knout, bolted between two trees, and coming in contact with one, I was dashed with violence against the other and taken up for dead. For three days I remained in a state of delirium, given over by all the medical men. On the fourth morning I awoke, as from a trance, rubbed my eyes, and beheld a scene that baffles all description. I was lying on straw in a pavilion in the park, on a bed formed by two large tables; a solitary rushlight flickered in a candle-stick, whose dim light enabled me to see the grim visage of a veteran, my batman. I attempted to speak, the exertion was too much, I fell into a doze. Soon the morning dawned; again I awoke. I tried to raise my right arm, it had been broken in two places; the sight of my right eye was gone. I had moreover received a violent contusion of my head, and had been trepanned. Within a few weeks, thanks to youth and a good constitution, I was reported fit for duty.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Better Late than Never, designated in the bills an eccentric comedy, and as adapted from a French original, produced here on Saturday last, cannot be numbered amongst Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts." The main theme, that of a nervous and sentimental young lover, whose habitual dilatoriness and disregard of punctuality, twice deprives him of the opportunity of becoming the husband of the fair lady to whom he is engaged, is funny enough, and by the skilful treatment of the French playwright, may have been successfully amplified into one of those prolonged and whimsical farces which delight the audiences of the "Palais Royal," but if so, it has lost much of its sustained flavour of coherence and consistency in the process of conversion for the English stage, and without any claims to the title, either in combination or supplementary, of comedy, it is simply a long rollicking farce—full of incongruities and absurdities, which become a little wearisome from their repetition and prolongation, but it is for the most part amusing and enjoyable enough, and can be rendered still more so, by curtailment and the omission altogether of two or three characters, and their stupid discussion on the subject of the proposed statue to be erected in the Market Place, both of which needlessly interrupt the action, end in nothing, and are only introduced to impart local colour, as the scene is laid in Wales.

The plot of *Better Late than Never*, as far as the series of incidents taking place can be woven together, may be briefly stated. Edmond Chauncey (Mr. Peveril), the nervous, weak-headed, and dilatory young lover, already mentioned, is engaged to Clementina (Miss Maggie Brennan), a young lady employed in a London emporium for Turkish bijouterie, who promises to wait eighteen months for his return from South Africa, where he sails for: not returning in the stipulated time, Clementina avails herself of the offer of an old valetudinarian who marries her, and takes her to his residence at Ttlangelly, in Wales, where the first act takes place, opening with a most amusing and an admirably sketched character, David (very artistically sustained by Mr. Fosbrooke), Mr. Quakerly's old and sympathetic servant, who shares in all his hypochondriac master's supposed ailments as well as his medicines and remedies; Clementina, now Mrs. Quakerly, makes light of her husband's delusions about his health, and endeavours to rouse him to life and enjoyment. Edmond Chauncey, ignorant of Clementina's marriage, now arrives in excited ecstasy to lay the fortune of a hundred thousand pounds he had amassed in Africa, at her feet, and make her his wife; is dismayed at learning that the stipulated period having expired without his having written or returned, she had become the wife of another, Chauncey abruptly leaves to return again to Africa, but before taking leave, enjoins Clementina to write to him in case she should become free, through the death of her invalid husband and he will at once return and marry her. Twenty months elapse before the second act commences. In the interval Mr. Quakerly having died through swallowing a prescription intended for outward application, and Clementina is now the wife of a bluff retired naval commander, Captain Toplight (Mr. C. Kelly, his first appearance), a husband much more congenial to her, and under whom all the arrangements of the house are conducted as on board ship, and the inmates, including Clementina and David, now transferred to his service, become intensely nautical in habits, manners, and language. The contrasts between the prevailing characteristics, both of action and personages, in the two acts, are among the most amusing merits of the new piece. Clementina, soon after her widowhood, having sent a letter, written for her by a former fellow-shop-girl and friend, Angelina (Miss Maude Egerton), informing Chauncey of her freedom, that steadfast but dilatory lover again returns from Africa to Ttlangelly to claim his bride—but again a month too late—and, unaware of her second marriage, he places her letter on the landing as a welcome surprise to her, and as an intimation of his arrival. This produces a new imbroglio, for the letter is found by and arouses the jealousy of the fiery husband, Captain Toplight, whose terrific rage, only half appeased by Angelina coming to the rescue and claiming the letter as her own, is eventually wholly removed by his wife's confessing to her inability to write; and the piece ends by Chauncey finding a wife, "better late than never," in Angelina. The four or five principal characters are represented with great spirit. The two characteristically contrasted husbands—the old valetudinarian, 'Mr. Quakerly,' of the first act, and the bluff salt, 'Captain Toplight,' of the second find

adequate exponents in Mr. Bannister and Mr. C. Kelly, and still better is the servant 'David' by Mr. Fosbrooke—but Mr. Peveril's impersonation of the nervous, sentimental lover, 'Edmond Chauncey,' seemed to us erroneous in conception, and trench too closely upon caricature. Miss Maggie Brennan was full of sprightliness, and excellent as 'Clementina'—especially in the second act, in which her assumption of nautical manners and bearing was highly amusing, and contributed no little to such success as the piece met with; and Miss Maude Egerton looked charming and was otherwise satisfactory in the small part of 'Angelina.' *Archie Lavel* precedes the new eccentric comedy, so that the whole of the present programme of the Royalty is now due exclusively to Mr. Burnand.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ONE TOO MANY.

A NEW first part, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, the music by Mr. F. H. Cowen, was produced at this favourite entertainment at St. George's Hall, on Monday evening, under the title of *One Too Many*, and replaces *Mildred's Well*, which was represented for the last time on the previous Saturday. The plot of the new musical comedietta, is of the slightest construction, but is both interesting and amusing, and the series of cleverly sketched characters engaged in its development, are exactly suited for delineation by Mrs. German Reed and the members of her compact little company. The action takes place in the garden of Mr. Hazleleigh's villa, a most charming rural scene, with a river view in the background, painted by Mr. John O'Connor. Here reside Mr. Hazleleigh, an eccentric elderly gentleman, absorbed in horticultural and scientific pursuits (Mr. Alfred Reed), his daughter, Florinda (Miss Leonora Braham), and her husband, Ferdinand Browne (Mr. Corney Grain), to whom she has been only recently married; two other characters occasionally appear as visitors, Dr. Gill, the local physician (Mr. W. A. Law), and Edgar Poldodle, a timid young gentleman, desperately in love with Bertha, whose marriage he is ignorant of (doubled by Mr. Corney Grain). After some humorous incidents arising through minor domestic troubles, Mr. Hazleleigh's half-sister, Florinda Paulina Prior (Mrs. German Reed), a wealthy widow, arrives from India, and takes up her quarters at the villa, to the utter annihilation of the peace and happiness which hitherto prevailed in the quiet household, through her officious meddling, in reforming all the domestic arrangements, and setting everybody at loggerheads through her unfounded suspicions and startling discoveries of supposed intrigues, she mistakes poor Poldodle, first for the gardener, and then for a clandestine lover of her niece. Finding a scrap of a letter from *operatic entrepreneur* informing Ferdinand to consider himself engaged, she denounces that innocent aspirant for vocal fame, as a Don Juan, and raises a dissension between him and his wife Bertha, and accuses the staid Doctor of abetting the profligacy. All these give rise to ludicrous situations and afford scope for some excellent acting, until at length all her mistakes are rectified, and the mischief resulting therefrom is made apparent, she feels that she is "one too many" in the United circle, and is about to take her departure, when the gallant Doctor prevails upon her to stay and take "a hand" at whist (when she cannot be one too many). The music which the young and rising composer, Mr. F. H. Cowen, has allotted to Mr. Burnand's agreeable stanzas is throughout graceful, flowing, and sparkling, and is charmingly rendered by Mrs. Reed, Miss Braham, and Mr. Corney Grain, who equally display their versatility and artistic finish of acting in their several cabinet sketches of character, while that of the elderly horticulturist, 'Mr. Hazleleigh,' by Mr. Alfred Reed, who has of late shown very marked improvement, is an exceedingly clever and well sustained delineation of character, and by far the most artistic he has yet achieved. The amusing musical sketch, *A Day in Town*, by Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Burnand's comic piece, *He's Coming*, still form portions of the present programme. The short season for which Mr. and Mrs. German Reed engaged St. George's Hall is fast drawing to a close, and will be followed by a tour in the provinces. After which they return to town to give their entertainment in a new *locale*, the lease of which they have secured.

GAIETY.

LED ASTRAY.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT'S long-expected new comedy-drama, *Lead Astray*, founded on Octave Feuillet's comedy, *La Tentation*, was produced at the Gaiety, on Wednesday night, and was received throughout with every demonstration of unanimous approval from the distinguished and critical audience which crowded all parts of the theatre. Reserving a detailed notice to a future occasion, we at present confine ourselves to chronicling the unmistakable and deserved success of the new piece.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

The activity which is shown by the management of the Royal Italian Opera in the preparation of a succession of operatic works is astounding. During the season between thirty and forty operas have been produced, and others are in rehearsal. Of course these managerial marvels could only be effected under the system of dual conductorship which prevails at Covent Garden. While Signor Vianesi is rehearsing an opera with the principal vocalists and the *maestro al piano* in the green room, Signor Bevignani is rehearsing the choruses of another opera on the stage. When Signor Vianesi is ready for a full orchestral rehearsal on the stage, Signor Bevignani finds his way to the green room with the principal artists who are to appear in another full orchestral rehearsal next day; and thus, owing to the indefatigable industry of these two gentlemen, and the large numerical strength of the Royal Italian Opera Company, it is found possible to produce on an average over two operas per week. But it must be remembered that the band and chorus are always the same, and must perform every night, no matter how often the principal artists may take rest. The life of an operatic chorister is by no means an enviable one. When an "enterprising" manager determines to give performances on six nights per week, the unfortunate chorister must make up his mind to spend half his life in the opera-house, and to shout his voice away at rehearsals with the "chorus master," rehearsals with the "conductor," and public performances at night. The result of such a system may be witnessed at Covent Garden. In both of the two operas last produced, the chorus were not only often unsteady, but were physically unable to develop the power and brilliancy of tone which they exhibited at the beginning of the season. The same effect is to a smaller extent visible in the orchestra; chiefly among the wind instruments. On Wednesday last there was a discordance of pitch between the orchestra and the military band which played behind the scenes. The latter had probably been

playing during the day at a long rehearsal, besides playing on parade. At night they were tired out, and their playing was not up to the standard of their performances at the beginning of the season.

We have reason to believe that many operas are at the present day produced with but one full rehearsal; and we have witnessed the *début* of a principal artist, who has had no rehearsal whatever before the public performance of the opera selected for his *début*. We know that allowance must be made for managerial difficulties, which are greatly enhanced by the constant demand for novelties;—and it would be churlish to withhold acknowledgment of the great exertions made by Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson to comply with this demand;—but we feel sure that if only three or at most four operas per week were given at either opera-house, the quality of the performances would be improved; and, with smaller troupes, each manager might fill his house with greater profit to himself than now.

We have already referred, incidentally, to Verdi's *Luisa Miller* produced at Covent Garden on Saturday last. So far as the general execution is concerned, it was creditably produced;—the principal vocalists being especially meritorious. The title-character was assumed by Madame Adelina Patti, and her success both vocally and dramatically was complete. It is sixteen years since the opera was played here with Mdlle. Piccolomini as 'Luisa,' and there could hardly be a stranger contrast than that between the conventional and ineffective acting of the latter, and the earnest pathos, the sympathetic tenderness and grace of Adelina Patti; whose exquisite acting was enhanced by equally exquisite singing. Signor Nicolini as the lover, 'Rodolfo,' made a greater success than any he has hitherto obtained. His acting was admirable, and he sang well throughout the opera, creating a veritable *furore* by his grand delivery of "Quando le sere," Signor Graziani impersonated old 'Miller,' and sang with a beauty of voice and a mastery of expression such as can seldom be found. Signor Capponi was effective as 'Wurm,' and Signor Bagaglioni, as the 'Count Walter,' shewed himself to be possessor of a noble voice, with little else to recommend him. His acting, or rather his abstinence from acting, does much to destroy the dramatic illusion of the scenes in which he appears, and the remonstrances which are continually addressed to him appear to be entirely disregarded. Signor Bevignani conducted with great ability.

Lucrezia Borgia was produced on Wednesday last, for the first time this season, with Madame Vilda in the title-character, and Signor Marini as 'Gennaro.' In this opera, as in *Norma*, Madame Vilda shewed how much her vocalisation and her acting have improved since her first appearance in London; but it cannot be said that she is the equal of Grisi or of Titiens in the character of the terrible Duchess of Ferrara. She acts too much, yet not enough. She has a certain stock of statuesque *poses*, of which she makes abundant use, certain conventional gestures and movements, obviously studied and artificial; and she very seldom inspires the sense of reality by complete identification of herself with the character she represents. Her voice is of splendid quality; clear, bright, powerful, and sympathetic; but she weakens her effects by over-anxiety to produce them, and so continually displays the full power of her voice, that at last the listener becomes fatigued, and longs for a few "flashes of silence." Unless this strong tendency to exaggeration be curbed, we doubt if Madame Vilda will secure a permanent popularity in England.

Signor Marini was still suffering from his recent indisposition, but the superior quality of his voice was nevertheless apparent. In the second act, instead of the usual aria from Donizetti's *Don Sebastiano*, he introduced the principal tenor solo from Mercadante's *Due Illustri Rivali*, in which the beauty and power of his voice were so splendidly manifested, that he was recalled no less than four times. It is a noticeable and gratifying fact that, although the audience enthusiastically applauded his artistic singing in Mercadante's aria, they had received with marked coldness the popular aria "Di pescator ignobile," in the previous act. Signor Marini sang this aria beautifully, until he reached the close, when he followed the absurd practice of recent tenors, and introduced an impudent and ridiculous change, concluding with a commonplace ending, utterly different from the notes written by Donizetti. Up to that moment, the audience had listened with profound attention and evident pleasure; but when Signor Marini finished, we are happy to say that not a single hand applauded him, and that a silent protest was thus recorded against an innovation which has become an abuse.

Signor Capponi was not always in tune; but he was, on the whole, a satisfactory 'Duke Alfonso.' Mdlle. Scalchi's rich contralto voice was heard to advantage in the music assigned to 'Maffio Orsini,' and she was encored in the well-known drinking-song, "Il Segreto per esser felice." The minor parts were all well performed, and the 'Gubetta' of Signor Tagliafico, was the best we have seen since that memorable night when the part was played by the great Lablache.

Signor Bevignani worked hard and well to keep his musical forces in hand, but it was evident that further rehearsal would have been desirable.

On Monday *Faust* was repeated, on Tuesday *Luisa Miller*, on Wednesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was produced, on Thursday *La Favorita* was repeated. *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced last night, too late for notice this week. *Mignon* is announced for tonight, and *Linda di Chamouni* will be produced on Monday next.

At Her Majesty's Opera the only recent novelty has been the production of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Madame Christine Nilsson in the title-character. Her performance was full of charm, and a more poetical, touching, and graceful impersonation it would be difficult to conceive. Not only was the recent development of her dramatic powers strikingly evinced, but the increased power of her voice was equally remarkable—particularly in the great contract scene. Her vocalisation in the "Mad scene" of the third act was as brilliant as ever; and throughout the opera she was enthusiastically and deservedly cheered.

Of Signor Campanini's 'Edgardo' Signor Galassi's 'Enrico,' or Signor Rinaldin's 'Arturo' we cannot speak in praise. Signor Campanini was "throatier" than usual, and his acting was deficient in dignity; the only portion of his performance which was above mediocrity being the final scene. Signor Galassi has a good voice which he will soon spoil by his method of singing high notes "open," but his acting was inelegant. Signor Rinaldin's acting was even worse, and when these two gentlemen in gorgeous attire walked up and down among the wedding guests, their laborious efforts to appear "at home," the angularity of their movements, and the discomfort which they evidently derived from the possession of arms and hands which they did not know what to do with, rendered their part of the performance somewhat ludicrous. The 'Raimondo' of Signor Campobello was an artistic impersonation, combining dignified and natural acting with impressive singing.

The chorus singers did their familiar work very well, and tried the unfamiliar work of acting with some success—although some two or three of the lady choristers seemed to regard the madness of Lucia as an infinitely diverting spectacle. Sir Michael Costa conducted.

On Monday *Norma* was repeated, on Tuesday *Faust*, on Thursday, *Semiramide*, on Friday *Il Talismano*, (5th time), *Il Flauto Magico* is to be produced to-night (first time for six years), and *Il Trovatore* will be repeated on Monday next.

MR. TOOLE.

Last evening a dinner was given at Willis's Rooms to Mr. Toole, previous to his approaching departure on a professional tour in the United States, by his numerous friends and admirers in this country. The proceedings throughout were in the highest degree cordial and agreeable, and bore the strongest testimony to the estimation in which this eminent comedian is held at home. The Earl of Rosebery presided at the banquet, and the company included Lord A. Paget, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel Brabazon, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. W. Creswick, Mr. W. Stevens, Mr. H. Lee, Mr. J. Oxenford, Mr. F. Herbert, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. J. Billington, the Rev. J. E. Cox, Lieutenant-Colonel Farquharson, the Rev. Dr. Tisdale, Mr. F. Knollys, Mr. W. F. Maitland, Mr. E. Boyle, Mr. W. A. Bevan, Mr. H. J. Byron, Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Quin, Mr. D. Straight, Mr. J. Carey, Mr. E. Reece, Mr. C. Dickens, Mr. W. Hollingshead, Mr. Wrighton, Mr. C. W. Pawle, Sir T. White, Mr. G. Loveday, Mr. T. Thompson, Mr. A. Levy, Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. Batchelor, Mr. Montague, and Mr. J. H. Fyfe.

After dinner the CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of "The Queen and the Royal Family," said he had the honour of conveying a special message from the Prince of Wales, to the effect that no one was more anxious than he for the success of Mr. Toole in the new field upon which he was about to enter, or for his speedy return, after a prosperous career, to this country.

The toast, which, as usual, was drunk most heartily, was followed by that of "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces," in returning thanks for which

Lord A. PAGET said that, accustomed as he was rather to courts than to camps, his presence there that evening was due to his wish to bid farewell to Mr. Toole, whose absence from England could hardly be supplied, and who, he hoped, would return from America with his pockets filled with money.

The CHAIRMAN then gave the health of the guest of the evening, whose perplexing orations on the stage, he observed, often reminded him of those which Shakespeare might have delivered if that immortal poet could only be imagined exceedingly drunk. It might be asked, he added, why he should have been selected to fill the position of chairman on the present occasion, and the only satisfactory reply he could give to the question was that probably no young man of his age had spent so much money in stalls as himself for the purpose of hearing Mr. Toole. With a view to a Parliamentary success—which he was sorry to say he had not as yet been so fortunate as to achieve—he had frequently attended Mr. Toole's performances, but when he returned home and attempted to give an abstract of the speech which he had a few minutes before heard from that gentleman, and when he came to apply to his sentences the logical rules of Mill or of Aldrich, he always found there was some third premiss wanting which no ingenuity of his could supply. Indeed, so various was the public character of their guest that at no one banquet could justice be done to his powers. It would require a meeting of the Lord Chancellor and the Judges to do justice to the immortal Hammond Coote and Serjeant Buzfuz, while another evening might well be occupied by the bench of Bishops and both Houses of Convocation. But perhaps it was best to speak of Mr. Toole as a man whose admirable talents had conferred more happiness on the public than, perhaps, any person in that room, possessing as he did the irresistible power of creative sympathy. We were now about to lose in him, for a time, one of whom it might be said that he contributed to "the harmless gaiety of nations"; but if we were to spare him at all, it was a satisfaction that we could better lend him to our cousins across the Atlantic than to any other people in the world.

Mr. TOOLE, in replying to the toast, which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, said,—When I look around upon this brilliant company of men, eminent in science, literature, and art, men whose names are known wherever the English language is spoken, and find myself the guest of so distinguished an assembly, and with your lordship's generous and flattering words fresh in my ears, I fear lest I should fail to convey the deep sense of gratitude I must ever entertain for the honour conferred on me to-night, and also for the flattering and gracious message and kindly feeling expressed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. You will, I am sure, forgive me if I add that with my gratitude there is associated no small amount of honest pride, because in the compliment now paid to me I recognise the estimation in which you hold the profession to which I have the honour to belong. (Hear, hear.) While I desire thus publicly and emphatically to acknowledge the kind and generous appreciation which has been extended to me throughout my career, I trust that I shall ever continue to be guided by that principle which I have endeavoured to adopt as the rule of my professional life—faithfulness in my calling as a servant of the public. (Hear, hear). And suffer me here also, in a single word, to refer to those happy relations it has ever been my good fortune to maintain with my professional brethren, or shall I say my playmates? Remembering as I now do, the years of pleasant association with them, I wish on this, to me, memorable occasion, when I am parting with them for a time, to express the hope that the bond of mutual kindly feeling which has so long existed between us may remain unbroken. (Cheers.) Nor must I forget to acknowledge with like gratitude those equally dear, if more private, relations that exist between friends of years, so many of whom I recognise here to-night, uniting in that tribute of affectionate regard of which I am so deeply sensible. Some of those friends who see my hands full of home work, have expressed surprise at my quitting England even for a time. To those friends I have said, what I would now repeat here, that various motives induce me to cross the Atlantic. First and strongest, I frankly admit, is the ambition to win, as an English actor, the approbation of the American playgoing public. (Hear, hear.) The New World has sent to us artists of the highest rank and reputation—ladies and gentlemen who have deservedly achieved distinction in their art; for instance, Miss Cushman, Miss Bateman, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Owens, Mr. Davenport, Mr. John Brougham, Mr. Edwin Booth, Barney Williams, and many others. Now, if in return I am able to contribute in the smallest degree to the amusement of our American neighbours I shall be well contented. Again, while desirous of avoiding anything like a gloomy view of my visit, I shall yet hope, on my return, to be able to render a good "dollarous" account. (Laughter.) It has been my happy lot to be singularly blessed with the best of health, through which inestimable blessing, during a period of twenty years, I have been enabled to fulfil every performance for which I have been announced, and for which I am truly grateful. On one occasion, I was nearly not doing so, from a sudden attack of gout (a laugh), and I sent word to the theatre, I was placed *hors de combat*, which had the effect of first bringing the stage manager to my house, who hobbled into the room, saying, "Toole, you must come to the theatre!" (A laugh.) He had the gout. While I was debating how it was possible for me to go through the performance, the manager arrived, and he hobbled into my room, saying I must come down to the theatre at all hazards. He had the gout (a laugh), and persuaded me it was better for all of us to "gout" (a laugh) together, which we did. I performed that evening, and was highly complimented on the thoughtful,

cautious manner in which I ascended the steps of Uncle Dick's cart. (A laugh.) All this occupation has, of course, made my holidays very occasional ones. When I have had them, my delight has been to spend them at the theatre as an auditor. Two of these occasions have occurred during my last season in London, which I remember with great pleasure. The first was spent in the stalls of the Gaiety Theatre in witnessing the ever fresh, polished, and exquisite acting of my old, though ever young, friend, Charles Mathews. (Cheers.) The second time I went to the Lyceum, and wept over the woes of Charles I., so admirably and artistically portrayed by my good friend Henry Irving; and the enjoyment I experienced on both these occasions gave me a longing desire for more holidays. But, my Lord Rosebery and gentlemen, I must not further occupy your time, for, however ready I may be in giving utterance to the words of others, I feel my power of expression on such an occasion as this to be very feeble indeed. Once more I thank you heartily—very, very heartily. That your good wishes go with me I know; that my earnest gratitude is yours you will, I am sure, believe. Deeply and sincerely I thank you one and all for the high and flattering compliment you have been pleased to pay me to-night—a compliment which will never quit my memory, however sorely it may be tried—a compliment which will ever mark one of the pleasantest episodes in my not altogether uneventful life. With a heart fuller than the glass I now hold, I drink to your hearty good health and your greatest happiness. (Loud cheers.)

The other toasts were "Literature and Art," proposed by Mr. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, and responded to by Mr. E. YATES and Mr. W. FRITH; "The Drama," for which Mr. WEBSTER replied; "The Chairman," and "The Press." Sir Julius Benedict presided at the pianoforte, and the musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. G. Perren and Mr. C. Coote, assisted by the following artistes:—Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Alice Fairman, Miss A. Pulham, Mr. George Fox, Mr. W. Wrighton, and Mr. Henry Lazarus, Solo Clarionet.

SALE OF THE MIDDLE PARK YEARLINGS.

THAT the renewal of the Middle Park Stud is an accomplished fact, and that, moreover, it has already attained a success which few could have anticipated in so short a time, was proved on Saturday last, when, under the auspices of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, no less a sum than 10,120 guineas was realised for thirty-one lots, making the excellent average of 247 guineas. Irrespective of the excellence of many of the youngsters, the sale doubtless gained adventitious aid from the success of George Frederick for the Derby, for although not reared at Middle Park, the sire of the winner of this year's "blue Riband," Marsyas, was long one of the Lords of the Harem of the lately dispersed establishment, and to whose claims, on the score of the excellence of his blood, attention has been many a time drawn by the writer. Nor could the great form shown at Ascot by Galopin, who was among the first lot sold last year by the new proprietor of Middle Park, fail to be a help to the sale, which was attended by Prince Bathyan, Lord Falmouth, Lord Cardross, Lord Lascelles, General Pearson, Colonel Forrester, Mr. J. Johnstone, Mr. Wyndham Knatchbull, Mr. Jas. Weatherby, Mr. Gheebhardt, Mr. Gruecock, Mr. Jardine, Mr. H. Chaplin, Mr. W. Lyndon, Mr. J. M. Craven, Mr. Samuda, Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Bass, Mr. Podmore, Mr. Smith, Mr. J. S. Bland, &c. That the sale failed to attract such a numerous and aristocratic company as were wont to assemble on this classic spot a few years back was evident enough, but that the right spirit animated those that intended purchasing is evident in the prices realised, as everything that was really good brought its value. The usual admirable arrangements were made for the sale, and a card stained in the particular green of Prince Bathyan's colours, and bearing the inscription "Galopin," was the open sesame to the beautiful grounds at the rear of the lodge, where, in a spacious marquee, the visitors were treated with the same hospitality as of old, the luncheon, wines, &c., being as usual provided by Mr. Townsend, of Cheapside. After their wants had been duly satisfied, those intent on buying seated themselves on coaches, drags, or carriages round the principal ring, but the general public, who watched the proceedings with considerable attention and interest, stood three and four deep round the sale enclosure and Mr. Tattersall's rostrum. After a few remarks from Mr. Tattersall in his usual happy strain, the proceedings commenced and went on tamely enough until the colt by Breadalbane out of Lady of the Forest, by Lord of the Isles, made his appearance in the arena when the buyers woke up, and although not so well grown as he might be, his superb quality combined with his fine racing shapes soon ran him up to 620 guineas, the contest for him being chiefly between Jos. Dawson and John Porter, the latter of whom got him for Mr. Gretton, whose horses will in future be trained at Kingsclere. The filly by Rosiercruian out of Callipolis next excited attention, and though rather on the small side, Mr. Chaplin got her cheap for 230 guineas. The next big figure reached was 500 guineas, while Mr. Lyndon the owner of Frivolity, gave for the filly by Rosiercruian out of Housemaid, and as this long low youngster was Jos. Dawson's fancy, there can be little doubt of the "monkey" being well invested. The filly by Blair Athol out of Miss Johnson, is more to be recommended for her breeding than appearance, and was well sold to Mr. T. Brown for 310 guineas. The filly by Macaroni out of Artless, one of the gems of the sale, was Mr. James Weatherby's fancy, and as he was known to be buying for some of the Prussian studs, general regret was expressed when the hammer fell to his bid of 510 guineas for this rare shaped filly. The colt by Caterer out of Creole by Newminster, irrespective of his being bred to race, was so shapely with strength and quality combined, that there was some spirited bidding for him, principally between Prince Bathyan and Mr. J. Johnstone, the latter of whom got him a great bargain for 600 guineas. A son of Gladiateur, out of Culotte de Peau by Stockwell, being well-grown and racing-like was Prince Bathyan's fancy, who bid him up to 300 guineas, when he retired in favour of Captain Davison who got him for 320 guineas. The filly by Rosiercruian, out of Bas Bleu, the dam of Blue Gown, to whom she bears a great resemblance in shape, but rather darker in colour, notwithstanding her being on the small side and standing back in her knees made the largest price at the sale. The first offer was 500 guineas by Mr. Chaplin, and in bids of a hundred a-piece she quickly reached 800, when Porter joined in with 1,000. From that price she rose in 50-guinea bids to 1,350 on the part of Mr. Chaplin, which the Kingsclere trainer clinched with 1,500 guineas, and the hammer fell, the purchase being made on behalf of Mr. Gretton. The next largest price realised was for a particularly good-looking brown colt by Macaroni out of Touch and Go, for whose possession Mr. J. Johnstone opposed Mr. Wyndham Knatchbull up to 550 guineas; and in announcing the accession to the Turf of Mr. Knatchbull we may state that his horses will be trained privately at his seat in Kent. Another good specimen of the thoroughbred, was the colt by Lord Lyon out of the Oaks winner, Gamos, after whom he takes both in shape and colour. He was bought for 620gs, by Mr. Moon, but doubtless goes to join Mr. Fisher's horses at Henry Woolcott's. Mr. James Weatherby bought another youngster of the right sort, in the short-legged, thick-set, lengthy filly by Parmesan out of Typhoon, by Wild Dayrell, for whom he gave

410gs. The next biggest price, and the second largest of the sale, was realised by the colt by Asteroid out of Arapeile, by Beadsman, who was taken by Mr. Chaplin for 720gs, after a hard fight with J. Nightingall. This was perhaps the finest yearling in the entire collection, and, had many present known as well as his purchaser, the value of the young stock bred by Sir Joseph Hawley, of which good proof was furnished on Wednesday, at the Bibury Meeting, this colt would undoubtedly have gone to a far higher figure. We have in this slight sketch, only referred to the gems of the sale, which must be regarded as one of the most successful of modern times. Appended are the prices, with the names of the buyers.

G.
Brown colt, by Man-at-Arms—Dried Fruit, by Stockwell; foaled May 5 Mr. J. Martin 50

Brown colt, by King John—Apathy, by Saunterer; foaled May 4 Not sold

Bay colt, by King of Scots—Miss Deans, by Hobbie Noble; foaled March 12 Mr. Roberts 30

Chestnut colt, by First Flight—Charity, by Thistledown; foaled April 22 Mr. Gibhart 55

Bay colt, by King Victor—Onyx, by Asteroid; foaled April 20 Mr. Lyndon 110

Brown colt, by General Peel—Contract, by Cotherstone; foaled April 10 Mr. Knatchbull 160

Bay filly, by King John—Diana (dam of Lucina, &c.), by Bantam; foaled March 19 Mr. Timothy 30

Bay filly, by Knowsley—Kentish Fire, by Gamester; foaled April 27 Mr. Ansley 65

Bay filly (sister to Post Horn), by Trumpeter—Waneton, by Neville; foaled April 22 Mr. Ansley 50

Bay colt, by Victorious—Adelaide (dam of Mistake), by West Australian; foaled April 22 Mr. T. Sherwood 65

Bay colt, by Vespasian—Bessie, by Autocrat; foaled January 29 Mr. G. Clement 100

Bay colt, by Camerino—Spellweaver, by Newminster; foaled Mar. 11 Mr. Ansley 100

Chestnut colt, by Breadalbane—Lady of the Forest (dam of Dulciana, by Lord of the Isles); foaled March 12 Mr. J. Porter 620

Bay filly, by Rosicrucian—Callipolis, by Charleston; foaled June 20 Mr. Chaplin 230

Bay filly, by Lecturer—Tamarind, by King Tom; foaled April 10 Mr. Podmore 50

Bay filly, by Cathedral—Exhibition (dam of Adonis, &c.), by Fazzoletto; foaled March 24 Mr. Chaplin 210

Brown filly, by Beadsman—Housemaid (dam of Duster and Parlour-maid), by Stockwell Mr. Lyndon 500

Chestnut filly, by Blair Athol—Miss Johnson (dam of Souvenir), by Newminster; foaled March 6 Mr. T. Brown 310

Bay filly, by Macaroni—Artless (dam of Naivete, Artesia, &c.), by Archy; foaled February 25 Mr. Weatherby 510

Chestnut filly, by Blair Athol—Queen's Head (dam of Balmoral, Lass o' Gowrie, Aylesbury, &c.), by Bay Middleton; foaled March 29 Mr. Jefferson 120

Bay colt, by Marsyas—Delight (dam of Fairweather, &c.), by Birdcatcher; foaled February 13 Mr. Nightingall 180

Bay colt, by Caterer—Creole, by Newminster; foaled April 26 Mr. J. Johnstone 600

Bay colt, by Gladiateur—Culotte de Peau (dam of The Gleaner, Panada, &c.), by Stockwell; foaled March 7 Mr. Davison 320

Bay filly, by Rosicrucian—Bas Bleu (dam of Blue Gown), by Stockwell; foaled May 30 Mr. J. Porter 1500

Bay filly, by Scottish Chief—Mayflower (dam of Cupid), by Thormanby Mr. Joseph Dawson 400

Bay colt, by Blair Athol—Eltham Beauty, by Kingston; foaled April 13 Mr. Cambridge 60

Bay colt (brother to Ursula), by Bel Demonic—Hilda, by the Prime Minister; foaled March 19 Not sold

Brown colt, by Macaroni—Touch and Go (dam of Billy Pedder, &c.), by Touchstone; foaled April 3 Mr. Knatchbull 560

Chestnut colt, by Lord Lyon—Gamos (winner of the Epsom Oaks), by Saunterer; foaled March 16 Mr. Moon 620

Chestnut filly, by Parmesan—Typhoon (dam of Spider, Cyclone, Whirlwind, Catspaw, &c.), by Wild Dayrell Mr. Weatherby 410

Bay filly, by Blair Athol—Evelyn, by Kingston; foaled March 11 Mr. Knatchbull 65

Bay filly, by Lord Lyon—Star of the West, by the Confessor; foaled March 24 Mr. Hunt 110

Brown colt, by Caterer—Scrubbing Brush (dam of Housemaid), by Touchstone; foaled May 4 Mr. Lee 210

Bay colt, by Breadalbane—Blackbird, by Voltigeur; foaled March 18 Mr. James Nightingall 350

Brown colt (brother to Alava), by Asteroid—Arapeile (sister to Pero Gomez and dam of Ragusa, &c.), by Beadsman; foaled April 17 Mr. Chaplin 720

Brown colt, by King Victor—Gold Dust, by Newminster; foaled May 6 Mr. T. Stevens 70

Chestnut colt, by Camerino—Miss Winkle, by Newminster; foaled March 8 Mr. Lyndon 110

Bay filly, by Caractacus—Gentian (dam of Camomile, Wild Violet, &c.), by Warlock; foaled February 21 Mr. Abbott 35

Bay filly, by Knight of St. Patrick—Whirlpool, by Fitz-Roland or Atherton Mr. T. Stevens 60

Chestnut filly, by Vespasian—Benefactress, by Lord Albemarle; foaled March 11 Mr. Knatchbull 150

Bay filly, by Camerino—Mrs. Wolfe, by Newminster; foaled Jan. 16 Mr. T. Sherwood 115

Brown filly, by Vespasian—Stuff and Nonsense (dam of Canard, &c.), by The Libel; foaled February 15 Mr. Lee 45

Chestnut colt, by Gladiateur—Suttee (dam of Lord Berners), by Weatherbit; foaled March 27 Mr. James Nightingall 65

THE PROPERTY OF SIR THOMAS BARRETT LENNARD.

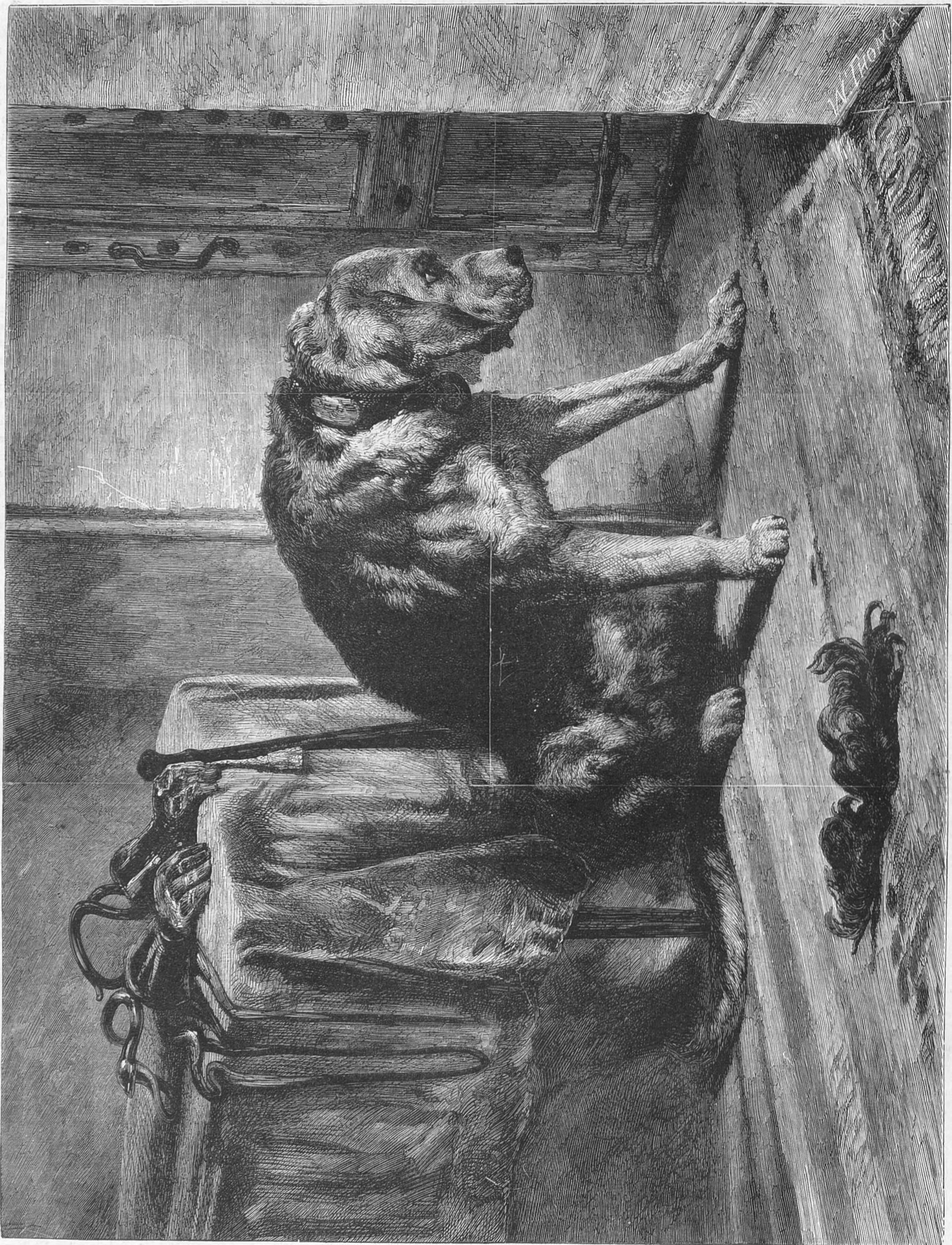
Seven yearlings, most of them by Kettledrum, realized 420 guineas, or an average of 60 guineas. The highest price was given by Mr. James Nightingall for a brown colt by Kettledrum—Falconet's dam.

Gs.

Chestnut colt, by Gladiateur—La Gama, by Stockwell; foaled April 16; engaged in 1875 in the Winchester Foal Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1875; 53 subs Mr. Legge 75

Brown colt, by Kettledrum—Brown Bess (the dam of Falconet), by Footstool; engaged in 1875 in the Winchester Foal Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1875 Mr. James Nightingall 120

Chestnut colt, by Wild Moor—Yellow Rose, by Old Calabar; foaled April 24; engaged in 1875 in the Winchester Foal Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared by the first Tuesday



"SUSPENSE."

(From the Picture by Sir EDWIN LANDSEER.)

THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

This nobleman, who succeeded Lord Cork as Master of the Buckhounds when Mr. Gladstone retired from office in the spring of the year, succeeded his father in 1873, having been previously better known among sportsmen, especially in hunting circles, as Lord Royston. Entered at Harrow when quite a youngster, cricket, that pastime indigenous to the "School on the Hill," claimed him as an ardent devotee, and his perseverance in her service was crowned by the reward of a place in the Dark Blue Eleven at Lord's. Bowling was his lordship's especial *forte*, for he was not much of a professor with the bat, and he carried his reputation in that department with him to Cambridge, where as representative of his Alma Mater in the University Match, he had to change the deeper shade of blue for the light. Always fond of riding, he seldom missed a day when the hounds came within reasonable distance of Cambridge, while his name was not altogether unknown in that select academic *coterie* which mostly affect a little steeple-chasing or racing on the quiet either at the "Valley" or on Royston Downs. Though rather too fond of sensation leaps, his pluck across country is undeniable, and his turn out and get up in accordance with the most exalted ideas of the *jeunesse d'orée* of his time. "White, gold braid, and plum-coloured cap" have made him known on the Turf, on whose troubled waters he first embarked under the careful pilotage of Mr. Bevill, who did every justice by him, and put him on his sea legs. He then joined John Day's stable, and has generally had a few horses running in his interest, though not always in his colours. Alpenstock, the City and Suburban winner, was "put down" to him; and Ruffle has done more than one good turn to the Wimpole livery. Now that he has succeeded to the family title and honours, we hope to see him better represented, for the Turf stands much in need of young aspirants to distinction possessing brains in proportion to their enthusiasm, and who are their own masters and out of leading strings. The appointment of Lord Hardwicke to his present post was a happy thought on the part of the Premier, and, in addition to being a bold rider, he is exceedingly popular both with farmers and hunting men, and possesses the rare qualification of being able to keep a field in order without giving offence. And without any idea of offence to his predecessor, it may be said of him that during his short tenure of the reins of office, he has used his best endeavours to render the Royal Hunt more worthy of the name than in former days. The horses are good, and this palpable advantage covers a host of minor defects which invidious critics are ever on the look out for. It requires some self-denial to an ardent sportsman and bruising rider like his lordship to be content with the tamer business of the Home Circuit when the Shires hold out such attractions, and the *élite* of the hunting world are in winter quarters in Leicestershire. But the Master of the Buckhounds has a certain revenge for his compulsory exile from the haunts of former years in the Ascot week, when he takes a leading part in that picturesque procession which comes ambling up the New Mile on the great day of the Meeting. No one could fill this rôle better than Lord Hardwicke, as on a perfect hunter, whose parts he knows how to show off to the best advantage, he comes leading that brilliant line of equipages, with the well-curled hat gracefully cocked on the side of his head, his green uniform relieved by a bouquet of gigantic proportions, and set off by the silver couples of office, breeches and boots of spotless purity and polish, with one arm akimbo and reins falling in artistic style from delicately gloved hand. We wish him many years of office, and many a good run over the pastures of the Harrow country, the fallows of Bucks, and the wild moorland skirting the forest-home of horse and hound.

KING LUD.—The scratching of this horse for the Goodwood Cup was posted at Tattersall's on Monday.

BARBILLON.—This horse has left France, and is now located at Kingsclere, where he will undergo his preparation for the Goodwood Cup.

KINGSCLERE.—Suleiman, Nuneham, and Algebra, have arrived at Kingsclere, where they will be trained by J. Porter, who will in future officiate as private trainer to Mr. Gretton.

SALE OF MR. H. E. LINDE'S RACEHORSES.—Mr. R. J. Goff, auctioneer, last week disposed of in Dublin the Eyrefield Lodge stud. The first horse led into the ring was Game Bird, by Grouse, on whom a reserve of 700 guineas was fixed, and he was knocked down, without any opposition, to Mr. Chester at 725 guineas. The Brother to Highland Mary went to Capt. Gubbins for 410 guineas, just a "tenner" upon the reserve price set on him. A reserve of 300 guineas was put over Mountain Lad without, however, eliciting a bid, and Tinkling Sound was bought in at 150 guineas.

FORTHCOMING YEARLING SALES.

It was a "happy thought" on the part of somebody to institute the Alexandra Park Saturday, and to lead away from Albert Gate a business which could be transacted so much more comfortably and satisfactorily at the Palace of the People at Muswell Hill. Owners have long since found to their cost that the confined space at the Gate militates strongly against the attainment of fair average prices, while the loafers and cadgers who infest the place prevented justice being done to both the yearlings and their owners. We need not specify the many disadvantages under which sales are held at Knightsbridge, but those breeders who still stick to the time honoured institution are becoming less year by year, and are gradually being brought to the conviction that they compete on very unequal terms with their brethren who sell at home, or prefer to reserve their young hopefuls for the Corpora-

up at Cobham, but the tag end of a sale is not the place to obtain good prices, especially if the animals are not fashionably bred. The Holywell contingent we hear highly spoken of, and Mr. Alexander's Thunderbolts are sure to make their mark. Mr. Waring's, we have seen, and they will be pronounced the best lot he has yet sent up for sale, with two or three gems among them:

1. Our Mary Ann's first foal (and a very late one) is undoubtedly by King Alfred, and though naturally rather on the small side, is a very true and quick mover. She has not "looked behind her" lately, and time will do even more for her, if she is indulged a little at first.

2. The Breadalbane are making their mark, and selling well, and this colt's breeding must commend itself to those who make this important branch of success in racing a study. He is very quick and handy, and has an old-fashioned look about him which we rather like to see in place of a flashy exterior. His dam has plenty of "Macgregor" blood in her.

3. Gladiateur is another sire rapidly coming to the fore, and this filly out of Lady Chesterfield will not disgrace her high lineage. She is a very level, true-made animal with plenty of bone, and with all the compactness and neatness of her dam.

4. This is one of the best Lord Lyons we have seen, with better legs and more muscle than his stock generally can boast of. She has none of that soft look about her, in too many cases a characteristic of the "Lyon's" get, and being an early foal, has had a chance of developing. There will not be many better-looking yearlings led into the Ring on Saturday.

5. Is a charming chestnut sister to that grand old horse Vulcan, but cast in a different mould—more length and liberty, with as much quality as any man could desire. She is bound to set many heads nodding, and if good action in the paddock be any test, should rank among the cracks of the year. She is forward, and likely enough to come to hand early.

6. Battaglia has had bad luck at the Stud hitherto. Lord Gough never having been really trained, and several others of her progeny going to pieces early in life. Year to "crown the edifice" she slipped twins by Parisan, and lost her chance giving the world another Camorne. Her present yearling is big enough for anything, and can hold her own with the best of them when they sweep round the pastures.

7. Is a splendid filly by Beadsman out of Crucifixion, showing all the power and strength that might be expected from such an union. With winning blood on both sides, it will be odd if the competition for her possession is not fast and furious, for she is among the last of her sire's get. The family are now so much in request, that she is sure to be infinitely criticised, an ordeal we feel sure she will pass triumphantly.

8. A filly by Gladiateur, out of Penelope Plotwell, is another fine framed animal, and if her dam fails to make a name at the Stud before many years are over, we shall be greatly mistaken. She is an early foal, and one of those hardy, good constituted horses, trainers are always on the look out for.

Among the other lots there are a nice lot of young brood mares by Trumpeter, Beadsman, Blair Athol, and Vedette, while the "Monxton" yearlings came up for the first time. Altogether we can reckon upon about 90 lots to be disposed of, but as the place has been specially arranged with a view to the comfort of visitors, there need be no fear of the interest flagging through want of sitting accommodation for intending buyers. We think the exodus from Albert Gate is a good "move," and that breeders will not be slow to appreciate its advantages after this year.

TRAINERS' AND JOCKEYS' FEES.—An action, Murphy v. Malone, was tried in the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, last week, before Mr. Baron Deasy and a special jury. The plaintiff, John Murphy, is a steeple-chase jockey, and the defendant, Mr. John Malone, of Baronstown, in the County Westmeath, is the owner of several race-horses, including So-So, Ariadne, Baronstown, Miss Susan, Recipe, and ten or twelve others. The action was brought to recover the sum of £32, claimed as special fees for riding the defendant's horses at Fairyhouse Races, at Newbridge, the Curragh, and elsewhere. It was alleged for Murphy that he had entered the defendant's employment at 25s. per week as trainer only, to find himself in everything, and that the usual and recognised fees which he claimed extra for riding—a race value £100 or over was £10 if the horse won, and £5 if he lost; and for a race under £100, £5 if the horse won, and a sum of £3 if he lost. The plaintiff rode eight races for the defendant, four over £100 and four under £100, all of which he lost, thus making £20 and £12. The defendant's case was that a portion of the agreement, which was entered into in October, 1871, and terminated in June, 1873, was made on the condition that the plaintiff was bound to act both as trainer and jockey at 25s. a week, without any special fee for races. The jury were discharged without agreeing to a verdict.



THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

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All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 9, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at this Office.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

JOCKEYS, like the leaves, are but a fleeting race, and if we go back a decade, and search through the list given in Macaroni's year, we shall find but few surviving who may be said to hold any prominent position at the present time. It is no wonder this should be so, when we consider the uses which annually thin the ranks of these knights of the saddle. Increasing weight drives most from the race-course to the training ground, where they blossom once more into the capacity of trainers, head lads, or under-lappers, bringing to their new avocation a sound practical knowledge of riding, in addition to the after acquired experience of the art of training. Accidents, happily, are few and far between, though there are many who fight shy of the Chester turns, and wish themselves well through the scrimmage which ensues from the struggle for places at Tattenham Corner. Few have hung on, like the oak leaf, to the last, and defied the changes of spring, the heats of summer, and the withering days of autumn. It is a changeable, restless, turbulent life, replete with temptations and trials, and only passed through in safety by those whose

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,"

have stood them in good stead throughout a blameless life. Recruited from the lowest classes, early taught the imperative lesson "to keep their mouth shut, and their hands down," alternately petted and abused, what wonder is it that so many fall from the right way, and retire into obscurity, while still in the full vigour of manhood, and pride of their strength? Education may be higher in these days, but its best effects are marred by intercourse with the unprincipled, and contact with the lowest dregs of the Turf community. Jockeys have many friends, but few of those disinterested enough to aid them in keeping straight, while the majority of their associates are merely bent on plunder, through their instrumentality. Under these circumstances, who shall mete out hard measure to their short-comings, or attempt to weigh them in the same scale of humanity as their fellows less exposed to the worst influences, and more careless of their effects?

We need not institute invidious comparisons, nor show the reverse of the medal in pointing to such names of good repute and old standing on the Turf, as those of Fordham, Chaloner, John Osborne, Custance, and others who stand out as rocks out of some overwhelming flood, in which the weaker have been overwhelmed. The life of a jockey must be far from an unhealthy one, provided ordinary care be taken not to exceed after abstinence, and to follow the golden rule of moderation in all things. No one begrimed Frank Buckle his roast goose at the close of the Houghton meeting, but the danger lies in succumbing to the temptation of living too freely, after the business of the racing season is concluded. Weak heads are turned by high wages and injudicious adulterations, and many a lad has been spoiled by early successes. As "Argus" said, instead of going home and doing up their horse, as in the severer days of Spartan discipline, the first impulse of a successful light weight is to stick a cigar, the size of a skittle-pin, into his mouth, and to stand unlimited champagne to his stable pals. Not that he can appreciate either, for the one sickens him, while the other fuddles him, but then it is the fashion, and five guineas is a vast sum in the eyes of the stable lad, lately promoted to carry the stable colours. If he escapes this unfortunate idea, the chances are that he may turn out a respectable member of the fraternity, and be sought after with retainers, and other solid rewards for jockey-boy progress. But on the other hand, the descent is easy, and the fall irretrievable, if once confidence is lost by master in his servant. Year by year we see brilliant artists in the pig-skin fade away like the train of a rocket, and descend rapidly, like the stick, to certain destruction, while the more faithful, but less showy few, find their business on circuit increase, and a numerous clientele awaiting their services. Glance at Maidment's career, and ask in what other manner has his present position of trust

been achieved, except by uniform honesty, consistent pains-taking, and devotion to the interests of his employers?

Let us glance at the traits of a career too often illustrated, the popular light-weight jockey of the day, who blazes forth for a season with a mere cometary splendour, soon to fade away before the more steadfast light of fixed stars. Apprenticed early in life to however respectable a trainer, by the time he has learned to ride, other lessons have been inculcated by the society he is bound to mingle in during his daily avocations. Promoted from a mere stable lad to ride in home trials, he soon (should his promise of excellence be fulfilled) has his "leg up" in some paltry plate, from his performance in which some estimate can be formed of his ability in the saddle. Should he come satisfactorily through this first ordeal, and have the luck to ride one or two winners, he is immediately set upon by all sorts and degrees of people anxious to secure his services, which are rewarded with all that magnificence which distinguishes the administration of racing in England. Pampered, petted, and flattered, his head, unless preternaturally strong, is turned by his sudden change of fortune, and he awakes to find himself the hero of cheap sporting literature, and the idol of the "penny dreadfuls" which go in for sensational effect. Having no idea of the value of the money lavished upon him, he becomes the prey of that cloud of parasites and sycophants, ever buzzing about Success and Popularity. He takes a valet into his service, and looks down contemptuously on his former companions, who are only good enough to carry his saddle, or take charge of his great coat. The inevitable son of Israel, scenting "monish" from afar, takes him under his wing, introducing him into flash society, and pandering to his worst tastes and passions. He pays a duke's price for his Whitechapel Cabanas, and the lures of mercenary beauty compass him round on every side. The populace applaud him, and men of high degree accost him with almost deferential familiarity. We pass over the natural result of such a course of treatment, and leave him to the bitter end which comes too quickly upon him at last.

This is no overdrawn picture of what has been, and what will be again and again. We are far from saying that ruin and disgrace are the invariable attendants on a career begun so hopefully, and promising the most brilliant future. Some have passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal, but the many are consumed in the fire. The odds against them are frightful, especially when it is considered that a too often neglected education casts its weight into the scale against them, and that the sudden elevation to notoriety saps all the fortifications of prudence and good intention. The beggar is put on horseback, and he rides to the devil. It is the system which is at fault, and not the man; but his fate is none the less deplorable on that account, and the moral we would point is, that the inculcation of self-respect in our jockeys should be a duty paramount to the mere encouragement to blaze "the comets of a season," and then to fade ingloriously away. So long as the destinies of the Turf are controlled by the classes at present forming its most numerous constituents, we can hope for no change for the better. There is less of that attachment between master and servant subsisting than in former days, when a jockey formed almost as indispensable a retainer of the stable as the trainer himself. The fashionable feathers of the day change their colours as often as the chameleon, and are the servants of many masters, eager to catch at the likeliest mounts, and to swell their score of victories, when accounts are squared up at the end of the season. We almost wish Lord Glasgow were amongst us again to administer some of those well-timed, if roughly-seasoned rebukes which made his name a terror among the pigmy fraternity. If things go on as they promise to do, jockeys will become the governing instead of the serving body, and defy all attempts to reduce them to order. But a strong hand over them may work wonders, and induce the reasonable conviction, that their day in most cases is but a short one, and that their future depends upon the manner in which they elect to spend it.

Reviews.

Baily's Monthly Magazine.—This popular sporting chronicle teems with excellent articles written by some of the most practical and experienced sportsmen of the day, and the July Number amply maintains its prestige. The frontispiece is an admirably executed likeness of that well-known all-round sportsman, the late William Morritt, whose recent demise has left a gap in a very large social circle, that will take a long time to fill up, and the opening chapter, "In Memoriam," by Whyte Melville, is the most touching and eloquent tribute of esteem that one good and highly-gifted sportsman could pay another:

"The bird of the air shall carry the matter."

In "Down and Heath," Amphion fresh as ever, gives ample proof of his powers as an observant, easy, and vivid writer, and his delineation of the late Ascot Meeting is a masterpiece of descriptive word-painting. In "A Sporting Cruise to Sardinia," we recognise the hand of a well-known Diplomatist, to whom England owes much and Italy still more, who recounts his adventures with a good deal of pleasant humour and dash, which makes his narrative very entertaining. Frank Raleigh of Watercombe, Jenkisson's Duels, and the Cricket and Yachting articles are well written and agreeable reading; but "Our Van," like a lady's postscript, contains the gist of the Sporting intelligence, and as usual *la crème de la crème* of the *on dits* and gossip from the 'Varsities and the Clubs.

GENERAL NEWS FROM NEWMARKET.—Great alterations have been made in connection with the July Course for next week's races. The betting ring has been enlarged, and the entrance to the course from the Cambridge high road inclosed, so that horsemen as well as carriages will be charged a toll for going on the Heath. With regard to the Queensbury property, workmen have commenced pulling down the building known as the Old Red Lion, in the High-street, and a new street will be made in the direction of the railway station, an improvement which was much needed.

LIEBIG'S liquid extract of beef does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liqueur; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale consignees, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow.—[Advr.]

Sporting Intelligence.

THE MIDDLE PARK SALE—THE GOODWOOD STAKES—RETROSPECT OF THE WEEK'S RACING,

AND ANTICIPATIONS OF THE NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

THAT the mantle of the founder of the great Middle Park Stud has fallen most worthily upon his elder son, Mr. William Blenckiron, there can be no question when the excellence of the thoroughbred stock reared this year at the world-renowned homestead at Eltham, and the prices they realised on Saturday last, are taken into consideration. On the dispersion of the splendid collection of brood mares and sires that formed the best and most extensive *haras* the world ever saw, to the four corners of the globe in 1872, few could have anticipated that within a period of two years from the break-up of the original stud it would be replaced by another, which if not on such a gigantic scale, was at least likely to emulate it in success. Mr. William Blenckiron undertook the arduous task of forming the new stud, and is deserving of no little credit for the manner in which he has carried it out; and it must be particularly gratifying to him when I state that he had but little sympathy, advice, or encouragement from his friends in undertaking such a venture, which the majority of them anticipated would result in a complete failure. Nor was his sale of last year, when thirty-one yearlings only averaged 127 guineas, of a kind to inspire him with much hope; but his judgment and courage in giving 1000 guineas for Bas Bleu (Blue Gown's dam), with her filly by Rosicrucian, besides purchasing Callipolis and her foal by Rosicrucian, and Arapeile (sister to Peru Gomez), with her colt foal by Asteroid, at Sir Joseph Hawley's sale, had their due reward, backed up as they were by other purchases of fine and fashionably bred mares, including the Oaks winner Gamos, for whom he gave 1000 guineas. The sale is referred to elsewhere *in extenso*, but it should not escape notice that the thirty-one lots sold were the progeny of no fewer than twenty-seven sires, and that when they realised the excellent average of 247 guineas, it shows the necessity of great judgment being exercised in the mating of mares, and that it will not do, as has been too often the case in all the large studs breeding for sale, to stick indiscriminately to the one or two Lords of the Harem attached to such establishments. Owing to the large price realised for the half sister to Blue Gown (1500 guineas), Rosicrucian's progeny, two in number, made the best average, viz., 865 guineas; and after the daughter of Rosicrucian and Bas Bleu, the best price realised was for brother to Alaya, by Asteroid out of Arapeile, a fine topped colt, resembling his sire in many points, but with hardly such good legs. Mr. Chaplin, no doubt, from noticing the great success of the descendants of Blacklock recently at Ascot, gave 720 guineas for this promising colt, who, having five crosses of the Bishop Burton celebrity in his veins, ought to turn out a horse of more than average merit. The colt by Breadalbane, out of Lady of the Forest by Lord of the Isles, brought the next highest figure, 620 guineas, every guinea of which he is worth, for barring his being somewhat small and a little "pointy" in his shoulders, I have rarely seen a yearling of greater quality, and John Porter exercised excellent judgment in buying him, together with the half sister to Blue Gown, for Mr. Gretton, whose horses are to be henceforth trained by him at Kingsclere. A like price (650 guineas) was brought by the colt by Lord Lyon, out of Gamos. He takes after his dam in colour, and combined with true shapes, possesses such fine substance, that, if good looks are worth anything, he ought to emulate the deeds of his sire. Macaroni for his colt and filly made the excellent average of 535 guineas. The former who is out of Touch-and-go, by Touchstone, was taken by Mr. Wyndham-Knatchbull, who is forming a small stud to be trained privately at his seat in Kent, and he was not badly advised in this instance, as his purchase is a nice airy colt, whose points will bear examination; but the filly, one of the very cleverest I have seen for some time, and who is out of Artless by Archy, I regret to say, was bought by Mr. Jas. Weatherby for the foreign market. The recent successes of Leolinus caused the Caterers to be looked after, so the two sold made an average of 405 guineas. The best of them was taken by Mr. J. Johnstone of the Sheffield Lane Stud, and is out of Creole by Newminster, her dam The Squaw by Robert de Gormham. He is thus in-bred to Waxy, which, combined with his rare shape, ought to insure his racing. In colour he takes after Newminster, whose quality he possesses in a high degree, with the promise of developing into a more powerful horse. Upon the excellent appearance of many of the others I might descant just as favourably, but I have said enough to show that Mr. Blenckiron is a "true son of his father" in the discrimination he has shown, and in the liberality he has exercised in the re-formation of the Middle Park Stud.

The acceptances for the Goodwood Stakes show that the handy-work of the Hon. Admiral Rous has been well received by those most interested in his apportionment of the weights, viz., the owners; as there are no fewer than twenty-seven "contents," out of the forty-five horses submitted to him to handicap—good proof of how well he has performed his task. And that it was a "task," I think no one will gainsay, when the wretched form of most of the horses he had to put together is taken into account. Lilian has been given the steady impost of 9st 7lb, and at the first blush one would fancy that the admiral had put her clean out of it; but such is not the case, for her defeat of Coventry on the last day of the Ascot Meeting, giving him 2st 4lb, proves that she could have won the Ascot Stakes with 8st 8lb; and that being allowed, she holds Coventry safe here, as she has now to give him only 2st; while holding to the same argument, she has now a pull of 1lb over Feve, and 14lb over Scamp. But on the other hand, she meets Gleneagle on 6lb, and Freeman on 16lb worse terms, which may not much affect her chance as regards Gleneagle, to whom she now gives 2st 7lb, against 3st 5lb she was giving him when he beat her at Northampton. Freeman has also a pull of 17lb over Feve, and Gleneagle has also 7lb the best of him, while Scamp meets him on 1lb worse terms; and the latter has also 7lb the worst of the weights with Gleneagle, consequently those writers who are proclaiming Scamp's chance to be so good, have really no warranty for so doing; for, Gleneagle, had he been persevered with, might have finished much nearer the front than he did, while the recent figure cut by Coventry at Carlisle, proves the whole of the runners in the Ascot Stakes to be so bad, that unless for Freeman who was not then fit, I have no fancy. Drummond, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb, Bertram, 5 yrs, 9st, and Flower of Dorset, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb, are all good horses on courses not exceeding a mile and a quarter, but to get two miles and a quarter successfully is more than they can accomplish. If he still possesses any of his old form, Indian Ocean, 7st 8lb, must have a great chance; but although Cambuslang won the Manchester Cup, carrying 7st 5lb, it must be borne in mind that the distance was only a mile and a half. Reflection, 4 yrs, 7st, is well in, and is being specially prepared for this race, and as she finished in the front rank for the Cesarewitch, and is a great slapping filly, whose fine stride will suit the course, I hold her to be specially dangerous. Charles, 3 yrs, 6st

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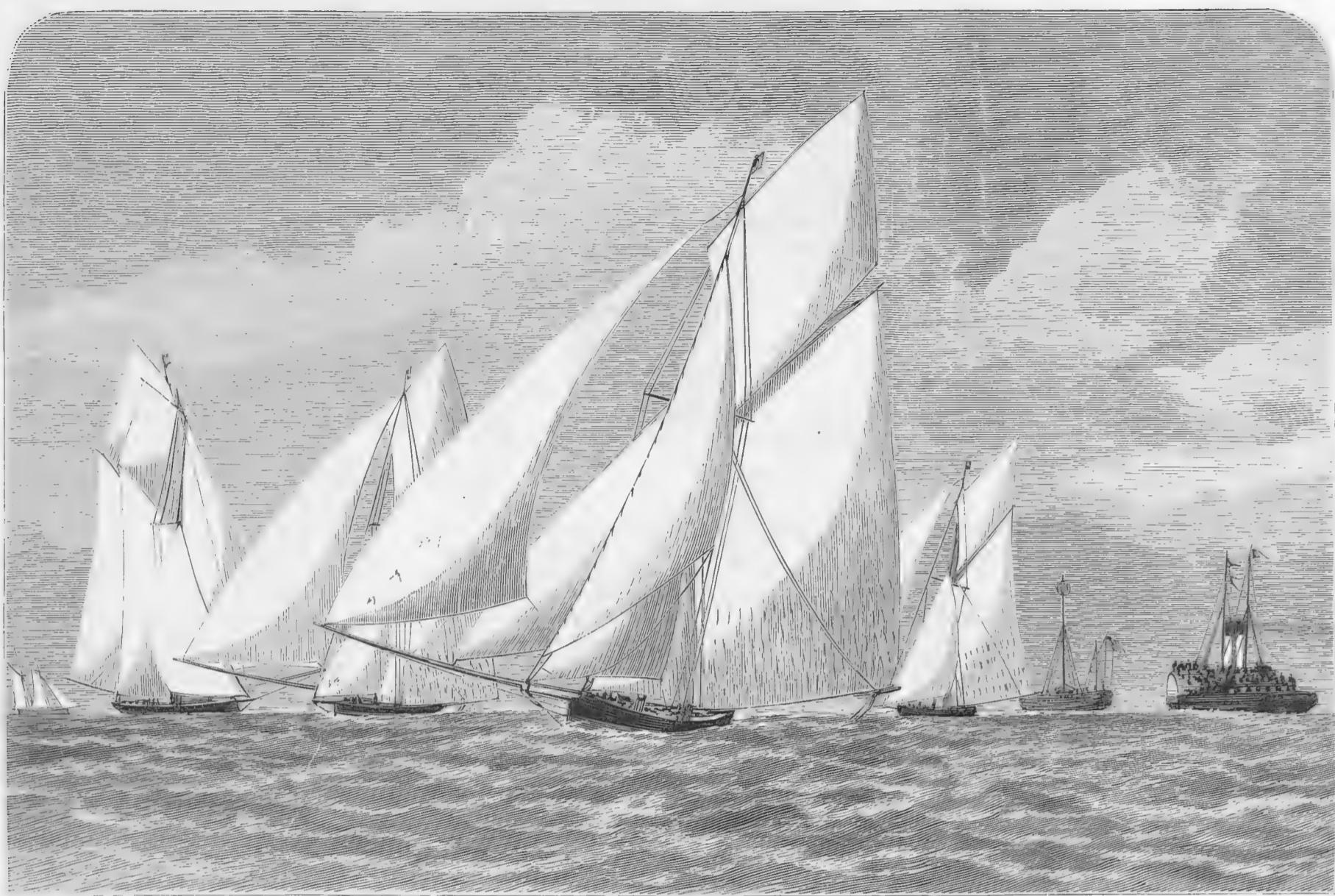
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ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA—THE YACHTS PASSING THE NORTH-WEST LIGHT VESSEL.

SOME DIFFERENT SORTS OF PLAYGOERS.

TAKEN as a people, we English are not enthusiastic playgoers. The majority of patriotic Britons have a prejudice against the playhouse, and against plays and play actors ; which, although it has little beyond miscomprehension, over-sensitiveness, and narrow-mindedness to support it, is nevertheless dying very hard, from the fact that every true Briton loves his dear old prejudices, and hugs them to him as precious heirlooms, the preservation of which is requisite to maintain his honour and integrity.

A large section of our countrymen never enter the walls of a theatre, and hold with any entertainment but the representation of a play. A still larger section enter a theatre under protest, as it were, and vow they are dissipated and wicked when they do so. Others go now and then to see some especial star, who is "a gentleman (or lady) you know," or who is, perchance, the son, or daughter, of a clergyman, which, in this parson-worshipping land, is a wonderful guarantee of virtue. This being the case, we believe we are justified in saying that the circle of regular English playgoers is small in comparison with America and other nations. For it must be remembered, that although the number of theatres open in London every night is very great, yet the majority of their supporters are among the floating population of the metropolis, and those who come as sight-seers and pleasure-seekers. Moreover, it is only a select few of the smallest, most elegant, and best managed houses that really pay well ; the majority of the managers (especially those of the larger houses) find it extremely difficult to obtain a full treasury, much less an "overflowing" one.

In most other countries the theatre is a recognised institution, and people regularly go there for amusement and edification. It is not so in England.

With the reader's kind permission we will endeavour to introduce to him successively the various types of the English playgoer, for though the number of the playgoers be comparatively small, they nevertheless present many various and amusing characteristics. First, then, let us glance at the "indifferent playgoer :—

The "indifferent" playgoer is at once phlegmatic or business-like ; he has no interest for the play, he merely goes to the theatre now and then, partly because he thinks it necessary to have a little relaxation ; partly because it is a reminiscence of his youth, as it were, and partly for the sake of his wife and children (if he have any), whom he always takes to the different pantomimes at Christmas. He goes to the theatre to be amused, without caring much whether it be tragedy or comedy that is performed, for by some convenient arrangement on the part of nature, he is equally AMUSED by either. So far "indifferent" playgoers are all alike. If he be a denizen of the stalls, he goes there ostensibly to meet his friends. He is dressed in swallow-tails and large white shirt front ; his wife "sports" her best silk for the occasion, and they share a pair of good-sized opera-glasses between them. In point of fact, there is really very little difference between the "indifferent" denizens of the stalls and those of the pit or boxes—save the dress. Dress—that grand passport through life by which we are enabled to "cross the frontier" between respectability and menialism. The man in the stalls considers himself a superb creature in his gorgeous evening dress and gold studs ; he never thinks, probably, that his "other-self" may be found in the pit, dressed in musty and ill-cut clothes. It is the mind that really gives position in life ;

dress may alter the appearance, but it cannot change the character. The "indifferent" playgoer never knows what he is going to see ; he never enquires, he gives an apathetic glance at his playbill as he takes his seat, and the next moment forgets what he has read there. Moreover, he never recollects anything he has seen, and, as it may be observed, that while contemplating the incidents of the third act, he is perfectly oblivious of those which took place in the first (which is shown by his perplexing questions addressed to his nearest neighbour) ; it is easy to conclude that his description of the plot next day (if he were required to give one) would be somewhat vague. When he is not talking to his wife or his friend, he is in deep fits of abstraction, a momentary gleam of interest seems to light up his face as the curtain rises, but as the play continues, he seems to get muddled and continues to glance nervously at his play-bill, which he has not studied, till the curtain falls. Then he gives a sigh of relief, wipes his glasses, and relapses into business thoughts or business conversation, till the commencement of the next act, when the above-described process is repeated, and yet at the end of the play this worthy man goes away, apparently with a firm conviction that he has been amused.

There is another class of indifferent playgoers, whose conduct is shameful considering the supposed *superior* sphere of society to which they belong. These people are generally the occupants of a private box. They always arrive very late, and make as much noise as possible in arranging themselves in their private seats. They are utterly indifferent to the comfort of the actors, or the inferior (?) occupants of the more public portions of the house ; they continue to laugh and talk all through the play, and friends constantly enter their box from other parts of the house ; whenever this is the case, there is a general rise, shaking of hands, loud talking and laughing, &c. ; till at last the poor distressed actor, loath as he is to do it, is obliged to appeal to the pit and boxes for protection, which I am thankful to say he gets—usually in a very demonstrative manner. I have observed, however, that the aristocratic occupants of the box show little shame (though they are forced to be quiet), probably thinking little of the reprobation of the inferior creatures who prefer to pay at the door, and quietly enjoy the play in a *public* seat, than to take a private box for the purpose of making a noise.

Sometimes the parties consist of gentlemen only ; but often of gentlemen and ladies—either case proves the inadvisability of attending the theatre immediately after a late dinner. It must be understood that I refer to real ladies and gentlemen—so-called, and not to those gay parties of gaudy women and town idlers, who occasionally occupy the private boxes. (In justice to the "fashionables," however, it must be conceded that there is occasionally a disturbance among the "cads" at the back of the pit, and among some excited "gods" in the gallery, who are *elevated* in two senses of the term.) These listless "fashionables" are a nuisance, both at the theatre and the opera. The brainless dandies screw their eye-glasses into their eyes, and stare, and sneer, and fawn ; while the dolls by their side grimace and giggle, and fan themselves, and have no more interest in the play, than such *false* artificial beings can be expected to have for the truths of nature and the beauties of refined art.

Quite a different sort of playgoer, again, is he who may be placed under the title of the "lounger." He is not of that class, which dear old Albert Smith used to labour so heartily, and which he significantly dubbed "our own gents;" for he is a gentleman, though a feeble-minded one ; the "gents are cads."

The "lounger" is a listless, good-hearted sort of a fellow ; he prefers the burlesque and the ballet, because there is in them plenty that is pretty to look at, and nothing much to bore him. He has no necessity to trouble himself about the plot, and the music is not above his comprehension. He considers the old operas a bore ; he prefers Verdi and Donizetti to Mozart, Weber or Gounod ; he is not enthusiastic about the music of the future ; but his excessive fondness for Verdi's, and Offenbach's, shows that he is not averse to realism in music. Being an educated man he greatly prefers to see the *opéra-bouffe* in French, rather than in mutilated English. He is more favourable to the can-can than to the real ballet, because it is so "jolly lively" and above all it is short. Your genuine lounger likes short pieces, because he prefers to have a "cigar" and a "glass of bitta" between whiles. If he be a *fashionable* lounger he is rather afraid of a piece (a good one) for fear of endangering his gravity and *sang froid*. The "gent" is emphatically a "nasty" animal, he dresses "loudly"—almost as loudly as he talks ; he smokes very bad cigars in the lobbies or the entrances ; he pays half-price to the pit ; but likes to stand in the *principal* entrances between the pieces. He cares for no entertainment in particular ; in fact his sole object is to find something "spicy." The most refined things are *suggestive* to his mind of all kinds of filth. He makes a point of saying he prefers the burlesque and the ballet, he has no appreciation of female beauty (save in a mere animal sense) ; but he thinks it sounds "rakish" to talk about "legs" and "figures" and fine gals. He understands neither the licences nor the refinements of art. He delights in low gossip and scandalous talk, and likes to imagine "spicy" stories about the artistes and the ballet girls. If he obtain a seat in the front of the pit, he nudges his companions and winks at the stage women, whom he (*false*) imagines notice and admire him. As a rule, perhaps, he is not such a bad fellow as he likes to appear to be. He buys the photographs of "cocottes" and actresses and puts them in his pocket-book to show to his companions, with remarks that they are "jolly girls, and so deuced fond of him." Poor little fellow, he takes almost as much pains to appear a rascal, as many people do to appear respectable. He and his tribe are nuisances and pests to the theatre ; he maligns the artistes, and pollutes the temple of the drama with his low dissipation. It is he who gets nearly drunk at the bar. It is he who causes the assemblage of "Circes," who haunt the entrance and the back parts of the pit and boxes. And what does his real dissipation consist of ? Where are his romances, his intrigues, and his mistresses ? Mere bravado. Poverty, idleness, and anxiety, how to eke out his small pittance, are his sufferings : his pleasures—swallowing, smoking, low debauch ; the penalties he pays for them are ill health, disease, sleepless nights, racking headaches, a constant loneliness, and an early death ; which comes at last to give him a blessed release of an existence, the responsibility of which is too much for him. He is a strange creature this London "gent," and is, as a rule, the result of bad education, snobbism, and idleness. The bad education never teaches him true independence, his snobbism leads him to emulate the vices of those he believes to be above him : his idleness further enfeebles his weak intellect, and makes him hate work and cringe to greatness more and more. Every day of his life his habits grow upon him more and more, till, throwing off all likelessness to man, he reveals himself the animal. Taking a flight from the back of the pit, to the galleries, we shall find a type of playgoers, which is peculiarly interesting. There we find the hard-

worked, and the great unwashed, the stolid navvy, and the street Arab, who like their entertainment, as they like their drink—strongly flavoured.

The gallery boy's ideas of art, are not particularly elevated; but he has his notions of right and wrong, and his opinions are always vehemently pronounced. His applause is demonstrated by loud whistling and stamping of feet; his disapproval is expressed in pithy sentences, the irony of which could not be outdone by our most bitter and most learned critics.

He is fond of extremes, and is prejudiced in his notions of virtue and vice. He admits (rather too much) the realism of art—so far as realism of scenic effect is concerned; but his knowledge of human nature is limited, as he cannot distinguish between vice and virtue unless the distinction be strongly marked; his villains must be of the blackest dye, and his heroes both high-minded and generous. He insists upon most severe punishments for the villain, and golden rewards for the hero. He likes hair-breadth escapes, and "sensation" falls and leaps. These horrors, however, must be relieved by a broad comic character (the broader the better), who, by-the-by, will not meet with any disapproval if he be constantly inebriated, as the gallery playgoers, with a charity which might well be emulated by others, look compassionately on a weakness for the bottle, perhaps for the very reason that they are conscious of being susceptible to that weakness themselves.

In contrast to the above may be found, in other parts of the house (but only on legitimate nights), the classical playgoer. If he be an elderly personage, he is always moderately satisfied with the way his style of piece is performed nowadays. He likes five acts, blank verse, grand sentiments, kings and queens, Greeks and Romans, battles, heroes, and all that sort of thing; but because the general public refuse to agree with him, he is always talking about the degeneration of the modern taste, and the degradation of the stage.

He is like the old gentleman at "Plyte Fraser's," so cleverly sketched by F. C. Burnand in his "Happy Thought" readings, who effectively escapes all argument and attempted refutation of his statements, by persistently talking about, and relating anecdotes of people who "flourished before you were born or thought of, sir."

"Where are the old palmy days now, sir?" says he, with an air of pompous defiance. "Where are your actors, sir?" (loud.) "Where are your dramatists, sir?" (louder.) "Where are your audiences, sir?" (very loud.) "Don't talk to me, sir, I remember the Kembles, and Kean, and Mayne, Young, Miss O'Neil, and the Siddons." That's just where it is, you know. He remembers all this so well, that he won't go with the times; he judges the present by the past, and because he does this, you mustn't talk to him. Well, we would rather not, for these palmy-day fogies, are so loud and violent, and altogether so averse to anything like calm discussion on the matter, that perhaps it is best to let them harp away on their "old string;" so we contented moderns be well out of hearing.

The young classicist is the ripening youth just fresh from the perusal of Shakespeare and Massinger, and who has "Bell's British Theatre" at his fingers' ends. He only reads and dreams of the old actors, but he has not yet learned that art need not be furthest from truth and nature to be genuine, and that it is possible to write an artistic play without kings, queens, warriors, heroes, battles, suicides, royal adulteries, five acts, and blank verse. These classicists are not true friends to art.

There is also a near brother of theirs to be found in the theatres, and he had perhaps much better not be there, for he comes under false pretences. I allude to the moral playgoer. This is the person who objects to the "player-people;" who makes a great fuss about an inch or two of the ballet-girl's skirts, and who generally hates and condemns ballets and ballet-girls altogether. He doesn't like burlesques or spectacles and unceremoniously dismisses with a pompous "Podsnapian" wave of his hand from his moral code, all those artistes who do not come up to his standard of artistic excellence. He goes to the play really because he likes it; but ostensibly he goes under protest. It were the better for art if he refrained from attending the playhouse altogether.

Two other sorts of playgoers, chiefly to be found in the pit, are amusing to observe. They are the pseudo-critical playgoer, and what I shall denominate the "free-and-easy" playgoer. The pseudo-critical playgoer is generally a man with a red face, and a defiant air, who looks around him superciliously while the curtain is down, and gazes sneeringly on the players, when it is up. He thinks himself clever—very clever, does this individual. If anything happens on the stage, which he does not understand, he says in a loud whisper, "What are they at now?" He apostrophises the actors, who may be engaged in by play with, "Whatever is he up to now?" He is also given to suddenly lurching towards his companion now and then with a query, in a loud tone: "Queer that, ain't it, eh?" That means the critic is puzzled. When the curtain goes down, this individual looks round with a grunt of disapproval, and a shake of the head, saying, "Ah! they ain't up in it; they ain't half up in it."

The worst of this harmless, but ignorant individual is, that he can't keep his opinions (such as they are), to himself. If the critic be a woman, she is constantly swaying to one side, to his whispered criticisms in the ear of her companion, which not only tickles his ear; but most perfectly annoys any unhappy desiring-to-enjoy-himself-person, who may be sitting behind her. It is also to be observed that many people who go to a theatre about once in six months, consider themselves qualified to *criticise* the play and the actors. It is difficult to conclude whether this reveals a greater amount of vanity, or want of common-sense.

The free-and-easy playgoer, is a jolly, bland-looking individual, who laughs very loud and rubs his hands very much; he laughs at everything, and while laughing, looks round to his neighbours for sympathy, sometimes winking at them familiarly, at other times, painfully nudging them (those in his immediate neighbourhood) in the ribs. It is he who possesses, in a huge degree, those "risible faculties" so frequently mentioned by the newspaper critics.

He is not a pleasant companion, but he is easily pleased, and if it were possible for a new author to secure an entire audience of these free-and-easy people on his first night, he would not run a great risk of being damned (for that night at least), for the free-and-easy playgoers are equally pleased, be the entertainment good, bad, or indifferent. We can imagine managers having a peculiar affection for this class of playgoer.

Having endeavoured to sketch all the more or less unreliable playgoers, we will now make an attempt to show the disposition of the honest and true playgoer.

The real genuine playgoer is always to be distinguished by his quiet and attentive demeanour; he never talks or stares about, save between the acts. He always exercises his judgment, and never applauds at the wrong moment, but applauds heartily at the proper opportunity; he respects and appreciates the artistes, and he always keeps himself acquainted with all the literary and artistic doings of the dramatic world. He is a person of taste and refinement, he is liberal-minded, and is never prejudiced against any one particular form of entertainment. He is always glad to welcome talent at any time, in any form; but at the same time, he uses his judgment, which, being founded

upon the principles of art, and not upon private opinion, is good, and his applause may be reckoned of some value.

The true playgoer is half an artist in mind, and he fully understands all the delicacies, licences, and requirements of art; he is the true supporter of art, and in him the actor will find real sympathy and true appreciation. He is the only one who appreciates at their true value all those minute details and delicate touches which go to make up the perfection of the actor's art.

The band of true and sincere playgoers is comparatively small; but they are strong in their love of art, and it is by their aid that the drama has always successfully struggled against the many difficulties and obstacles which have been arrayed against it.

As the band of true playgoers increases in numbers and sincerity, so in proportion will the obstacles and difficulties disappear from the paths of the dramatists, the actors, and the managers; not the least of which is, the perplexity, how to win the favour, and satisfy the wants of so many—"different sorts of playgoers."

F. A. L.

Races Past.

CARLISLE RACES.

FIRST DAY.

Stewards: Earl of Lonsdale, Earl of Eglington and Winton, Lord Muncaster, M.P., Sir R. C. Musgrave, Bart., Col. Salkeld, J. H. Houldsworth, Esq., Hon. P. Wyndham, M.P., W. Parker, Esq., J. W. Marshall, Esq., J. Fearon, Esq., J. Richardson, Esq., R. Hutton, Esq., Judge and Handicapper: Mr. Johnson. Starter: Mr. Elliott. Clerk of the Course, Secretary, and Stakeholder: Mr. T. Lawley.

TUESDAY, June 30.—The TRIAL STAKES, (Handicap), of 5 sovs each, with 60 sovs added. The second saved his stake. About one mile.

Mr. J. Brodie's La Fornarina, by Loiterer—Orlando, 4 yrs, Stt 12lb.....Dixon 1

Mr. J. Fearon's Rose of Eltham, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb.....Griffiths 2

Mr. Johnston's Maid of Tyne, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb.....Cooke 3

Mr. T. Holmes's Lyonesse, 3 yrs, 7st.....Sheard 0

Mr. T. H. Masterman's Little John, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb.....W. Platt 0

Mr. Palmer's Eveleen, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....Bruckshaw 0

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Little John and La Fornarina, 100 to 20 agst Maid of Tyne, 5 to 1 agst Rose of Eltham.

La Fornarina made most of the running until entering the straight, where Rose of Eltham joined her, but failing to quite get up was beaten by a head, Maid of Tyne being third three lengths off.

The CARLISLE STAKES of 5 sovs each (2 ft to the fund), with 80 sovs added, for two-year-old colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb, penalties and allowances. The second to receive 10 sovs out of the stakes. About half-a-mile, 22 subs.

Mr. G. Masterman's Lady Day, by Trumpeter—Lady Dar, 9st 3lb, (inc 10lb ex).....Custance 1

Mr. R. Howett's Lady Clifton, 8st 3lb.....W. Platt 2

Capt. Dove's Kirklington, 8st 6lb.....M. Noble 0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Lady Day, 2 to 1 agst Lady Clifton.

Lady Clifton jumped off with the lead, which she held for half the distance, when Lady Day joined her, and after a slashing race, won by a head. Kirklington unfortunately came in contact with a policeman fifty yards from the winning post, fell, and was so injured that he died soon after. Noble happily escaped with only a severe shaking.

The BORDER SELLING WELTER HANDICAP of 60 sovs; the winner to be sold for 40 sovs; winners of any handicap after the weights are published 5lb extra. About seven furlongs.

Mr. W. Stevenson's Querida, by King John—Ada, by Knight of St. George, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb.....G. Cooke 1

Mr. T. Holmes's Emmerling, 3 yrs, 9st.....T. Osborne 2

Captain Dove's Miss Papillon, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb.....Ashworth 3

Mr. Cowan's Monksman, 6 yrs, 1st.....Ryan 0

Mr. Wyllie's Acceptance, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb.....Napier 0

Mr. Brodie's Helen Macgregor, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb.....Owner 0

Mr. Beadren's Heiress, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb.....Vivian 0

Betting: Even on Querida, 5 to 1 agst Acceptance, 7 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by two lengths, a neck between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. C. Lund for 60 guineas.

The CUMBERLAND PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and 3 only (to the fund) if declared; a winner of any handicap of 100 sovs or upwards after June 10, at 6 p.m., 7lb, of two of that value or one of 300 sovs 10lb extra; the winner of the Northumberland Plate 14lb extra; the second to receive 30 sovs, and the third to save his stake. About one mile and three-quarters 69 suls, 32 of whom declared.

Mr. R. Osborne's Agglethorpe, by Cathedral—Fair Agnes, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb (in 7lb ex).....Cutler 1

Mr. J. Osborne's Chimes, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb.....Mills 2

Mr. R. Menzies' Bonnie Clyde, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb.....Horan 3

Lord Londale's King Lud, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb.....Custance 0

Mr. J. Fearon's Ourigan II, aged, 6st 10lb.....W. Chaloner 0

Lord Londale's Coventry, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (in 10lb ex).....W. Clay 0

Mr. Barber's Webster, 4 yrs, 5st 9lb.....Thompson 0

Betting: 2 to 1 on King Lud, 7 to 1 agst Coventry, 9 to 1 agst Chimes, 10 to 1 agst Agglethorpe, and 20 to 1 agst Webster.

Some delay took place at the starting-post owing to three breaks away, in one of which Agglethorpe ran at least a quarter of a mile. At length the flag fell to a good start, Ourigan, Coventry, Agglethorpe and Webster forming the front rink, followed at an interval of a length or two by King Lud and Bonny Clyde, with Chimes last. They ran thus to the turn above the stand, where Coventry assumed the lead, and a few strides further Webster took second place, Agglethorpe being third, King Lud fourth, with Chimes and Bonny Clyde at his quarters, Ourigan II. being now last. No change occurred until they reached the turn in the back stretch, where King Lud made a move to the front, but in doing so came in contact with a post, when King Lud fell and Custance was shot out of the saddle into the middle of the course. At the half-mile post Webster deposed Coventry of the lead but, soon after entering the straight the pair gave way beaten to Agglethorpe, Chimes and Bonny Clyde, the former holding his lead to the end, and winning easily by three lengths. Coventry was a bad fourth, Webster next, and Ourigan II. last.

MAIDEN PLATE of 70 sovs; two-year-olds, 6st 11lb, three, 8st 6lb, four, 9st 5lb, five and upwards 9st 7lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb, maiden three-year-olds allowed 10lb, four 14lb, five and upwards 21lb, about six furlongs.

Mr. Johnston's Brother to Bras de Fer, by Voltigeur—Sweetbriar, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....Cook 1

Mr. Woolf's Marvel, 3 yrs, 7st, 10 lb.....Ashworth 2

Mr. Mather's The Beau, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (car. 8st 6lb).....Napier 3

Mr. W. Stevenson's Claret, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb.....Griffiths 0

Col. G. Thompson's Cupid, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb.....Dent 0

Capt. Dove's Lady Knowsley, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb.....Thompson 0

Mr. Tait's Birkie, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb.....W. Buck 0

Mr. J. Osborn's c by Minor—Ophelia, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb.....W. Chaloner 0

Betting: Even on Querida, 5 to 2 agst Elf Knot, and 6 to 1 agst each of the others.

The favourite made all the running, and won by two lengths; a length separated second and third, and a like distance the third and fourth.

The ATHLETIC WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 60 added; winners extra; gentlemen riders, professionals 4lb extra. About six furlongs.

Mr. J. Fearon's b m Rose of Eltham, by Marsyas—Rose of Kent, 5 yrs, 10st (inc 4lb extra).....W. Platt 1

Mr. W. Nicholl's Louise of Lorne, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb (inc 4lb extra).....T. Heartfield 2

Mr. R. Sterling's Esther, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (inc 4lb extra).....Snowden 3

Mr. J. Brodie's La Fornarina, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb (car 10st 7lb).....Owner 0

Mr. J. Tait's b m Birkie, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb (inc 4lb extra).....W. Buck 0

Mr. J. Chaine's The Speaker, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb (inc 4lb extra).....J. Osborne 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Esther, 5 to 2 agst La Fornarina, 6 to 1 agst Birkie.

The LOWTHER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft (to the second) with 100 added; a winner of any handicap after June 24, at 9 a.m., 5lb of two, or one of 100 sovs 7lb extra, the winner of the Northumberland or Cumberland Plates 14lb extra. Once round. 19 subs.

Mr. R. T. Walker's Owton by Miner—Lady of the Tees, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....Wyatt 1

Mr. J. Hope's Elf Knot, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb.....Parry 2

Mr. J. Johnstone's b Crusader, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb.....Mordan 0

Mr. G. Trimble's Miss Roland, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb.....F. Archer 0

Mr. T. Redford's Destiny, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb.....J. Cannon 0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Miss Roland, 5 to 2 agst Destiny, and 3 to 1 agst Hermitage.

Won cleverly by a length; four lengths separated the second and third; Miss Roland was fourth, and Destiny last. The winner was bought in for 75 guineas.

The ODHAM HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund); with 80 added; winners of a handicap value 100 sovs after June 25, at 10 a.m., 7lb, any other winner 5lb extra. About one mile and a quarter, 22 subs.

Mr. Ansley's Druid, by Dundee—Cormbr, 5 yrs, 8st.....Wyatt 1

Mr. R. Thompson's Adrianna, 3 yrs, 7st.....Morby 2

Sir J. Hawley's Devastation, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.....Weedon 3

Mr. Balchin's Royalist, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.....Glover 0

Mr. W. K. Walker's Industrions, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb.....F. Archer 0

Mr. Davey's Pucelle, aged, 8st 8lb.....T. Clay 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Devastation, 2 to 1 agst Adrianna, 5 to 2 agst Adrianna, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

Druid made nearly all the running, and won easily by a length; the favourite a bad third, Industrious fourth, Royalist next, and Pucelle last.

Mr. Burton's Brisbane, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb..... Morbey 0
 Captain Lane's Beggar Maid, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb..... Weedon 0
 Betting: 2 to 1 agst Tranquility, 55 to 20 agst Miss Manfield, 4 to 1 Fin-stall, 5 to 1 agst The Knight, and 20 to 1 agst any other. Miss Manfield made play, followed by Beggar and Tranquility till reaching the distance, where Tranquility took a slight lead, but Tinstall got up in the last dozen strides and won cleverly by a neck; same between second and third.
 The DOGMEERSFIELD PARK STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies 8st 9lb; the winner to be sold for 70 sovs., if for 50 allowed 5lb. Half a mile.
 Mr. Foster's b c Montlands, by Knowsley—Lady Dewhurst, 8st 7lb (£50)..... Morris 1
 Mr. J. Baylis's ch f Electra, 8st 4lb (£50)..... Wyatt 2
 Mr. W. Burbidge's b f Lady Pearl, 8st 4lb (£50)..... Butler 3
 Mr. R. Herford's b f Capella, 8st 4lb (£50)..... Hanshaw 0
 Mr. Brown's Lady Temple, 8st 4lb (£50)..... Kelsey 0
 Mr. Cheese's Decoy, 8st 4lb (£50)..... Preston 0
 Mr. T. Stevens's Flash, 8st 4lb (£50)..... C. Payne 0
 Betting: 2 to 1 agst Flash, 5 to 2 agst Montlands, 100 to 30 agst Electra, and 6 to 1 agst Decoy.

Flash made play, followed by Montlands and Electra to the distance, where Flash was in trouble, and Electra and Montlands ran a severe race home, the last-named winning by a short head. A length separated second and third; Flash was fourth, Decoy fifth, and Capella last. The winner was bought in for 160 guineas.

The HUNTERS' STAKES of 3 sovs. each, 2 ft (to the fund), with 20 added; four-year-olds 11st 10lb, five 12st 4lb, six and aged 12st 7lb; winners of 20 sovs. once 7lb, twice or of 50 sovs. 14lb, thrice or of a stake value 100 sovs. 21lb extra; maiden four-year-olds allowed 4lb, five 7lb, six and aged 12lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; the second to save his stake. Two miles on the flat, 13 subs.

Mr. T. Yates's ch g Bullion, by Exchequer—Blue Bottle, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb..... Mr. Barnes 1
 Mr. H. Newman's b h Adieu, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb..... Mr. Trewent 2
 Mr. A. Yates's Crawley, 5 yrs, 12st 11lb..... Owner 3
 Mr. W. Burton's Country Girl, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb..... Capt. Brown 0
 Mr. E. Harris's The Cure (late Tonic), 6 yrs, 13st..... Owner 0
 Mr. E. Jameson's Napoleon, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb..... Mr. G. Tubb 0
 Mr. T. Yates's Hastings (h-b), aged, 13st..... Owner 0
 Betting: Even on Adieu, 4 to 1 each agst Bullion and Country Girl, 5 to 1 agst Crawley, and 100 to 15 agst any other.

Hastings led for a mile, when Adieu and Bullion came away, and ran a punishing race home, Bullion winning by a neck; a bad third. Napoleon was fourth, and Country Girl last. An objection to the winner on the ground of foul riding and cannoning remains over for inquiry.

BIBURY CLUB RACES.

WEDNESDAY, July 1.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. with 50 sovs. added. From the Bush in.

Sir G. Chetwynd's Lady Atholstone, by Blair Athol—Silkstone, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb)..... Fordham 1
 Mr. F. N. York, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb (inc 7lb extra)..... Mr. F. G. Hobson 2
 Lord Portsmouth's f by Fitz Roland—Typhoon, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb

C. Archer 3
 Mr. J. Foy's Minette, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb..... Weedon 4
 Betting: 2 to 1 agst Minette, 9 to 4 agst Lady Atholstone, 5 to 2 agst York, 7 to 1 agst the Typhoon filly.

Lady Atholstone made play throughout, and won in a canter by two lengths; bad third.

The SCURRY WELTER SELLING HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added. Six furlongs.

Mr. Duggan's Houghton, by Wild Dayrell—Freight, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb

Mr. Crawshaw 1
 Mr. Fain's Ptarmigan, 5 yrs, 12st 0lb..... Mr. F. G. Hobson 2
 Mr. Pulteney's Perpetua, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb..... Mr. W. Bevill 3

Betting: 63 to 40 agst Perpetua, 2 to 1 agst Houghton, 9 to 4 agst Ptarmigan.

Perpetua held the lead for a quarter of a mile, when she gave way to Houghton and Ptarmigan, the former of whom won in a canter by ten lengths; bad third. The winner was bought in for 400 guineas.

A PLATE of 50 sovs.; weight for age, with selling and maiden allowances.

From the Bush in; about five furlongs.

Mr. T. E. Walker's Bank Note, by Lecturer—Queen of the Vale, 4 yrs, 9st (£200)..... Cannon 1

Mr. Stevens's Cranbrook, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb (£50)..... Mordan 2

Lord Durham's Bothwell, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb (£100)..... Wyatt 3

Lord Lonsdale's Skardo, 2 yrs, 6st (car. 6st 1lb) (£50)..... W. Clay 0

Mr. Hunter's Brown Rosalind, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£50)..... Constable 0

Mr. E. Brayley's Pommelo, 2 yrs, 6st (£50)..... C. Archer 0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Bank Note, 11 to 2 agst Skardo, 10 to 1 agst Cranbrooke.

Skardo delayed the start some time through bolting, but eventually the lot got well away. Cranbrook and Skardo made joint running, the pair being followed by Bank Note to the top of the hill, when the favourite went to the front, and won easily by six lengths; a length separated the second and third; Skardo was fourth; Brown Rosalind fifth; and Pommelo last. The winner was bought in for 410 guineas.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 sovs added for two-year-old colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb. From the Bush in.

Mr. Chaplin's Stray Shot, by Toxophilite—Vaga, 8st 7lb..... Jeffery 1

Sir G. Chetwynd's The Nautch Girl, 8st 7lb..... F. Webb 2

M. Lefevre's Aide-de Camp, 8st 10lb..... Fordham 3

Captain Bayley's Incheape, 8st 10lb..... Salter 0

Mr. W. S. Crawford's Maitland, 8st 10lb..... Chaloner 0

Lord Durham's f by Adventurer—Thrift, 8st 7lb..... Wyatt 0

Sir F. Johnstone's f by Saunterer—Dulcimer, 8st 7lb..... Cannon 0

Mr. G. Lambert's Austerlitz, 8st 10lb..... Goater 0

Mr. H. Savile's by Parmesan—Moleskin, 9st (in 4lb ex) Hammond 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Stray Shot, 5 to 1 agst Austerlitz, 6 to 1 each agst Aide-de-Camp and the Moleskin colt, 10 to 12 agst Nautch Girl.

Owing to the fractiousness of the Dulcimer colt a short delay took place at the post. When the flag fell the Thrift filly jumped off with the lead, having Aide-de-Camp, Stray Shot and the Dulcimer colt in attendance to distance, where the Thrift filly retired, and Stray Shot took up the running, followed by the Nautch Girl, who failing to get up was beaten by a length. Four lengths off Aide-de-Camp was third with Maitland next.

The BIBURY STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs each; with 50 sovs added, for horses &c.; gentleman riders. Last mile and a half.

Lord St. Vincent's Beau Brummell, by Marsyas—Eda, 3 yrs, 10st

Mr. Bevill 1

Mr. H. B. Powell Montgomery's Thistledown, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb

Colonel Harford 2

Mr. J. Duggan's Houghton, 6 yrs, 12st 0lb (in 4lb ex) Colonel Knox 3

Lord Lonsdale's The Preacher, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb..... Mr. Rolly 0

Mr. H. Bruce's Duke of Cambridge, 4 yrs, 1st 7lb.. Mr. H. Baltazzi 0

Captain G. Stirling's Encore, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb..... Mr. Crawshaw 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Encore, 3 to 1 agst Beau Brummell, 5 to 1 each agst The Preacher and Houghton, 8 to 1 each agst Thistledown and Duke of Cambridge.

After going a hundred yards, Thistledown took up the running, attended by Beau Brummell, The Preacher, Houghton, and Encore in the order named, the Duke of Cambridge lying off. They ran thus for about a quarter of a mile, when Beau Brummell deprived Thistledown of the lead was not afterwards headed, and won cleverly by a neck, Houghton being a bad third, and the others beaten some distance.

A SELLING WELTER PLATE of 40 sovs.; weight for age, with selling allowances, &c. Old Mile.

Mr. Yates's Rose Blush, by Commotion—Greenwich Fair, 6 yrs,

11st 0lb (£50)..... Owner 1

Mr. Fain's Vanish, 5 yrs, 12st (£100)..... Mr. F. G. Hobson 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Vanish. Won by a length and a half. The winner was not sold.

The FIRST YEAR of the SIXTEENTH BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 10lb, fillies, 8st 7lb. The second saved his stake. T.Y.C.

Mr. II. Chaplin's Astraliamante, by Beadsman—Asterope, 8st 2lb

Jeffery 1

Sir F. Johnstone's c by Trumpeter—Crytheia, 8st 10lb .. Cannon 2

Lord Portsmouth's Walsend, 8st 11lb..... Huxtable 3

M. Lefevre's Roi des Rois, 8st 7lb..... Butler 0

Mr. Savile's c by The Earl—Rigolboche, 8st 10lb..... Hammond 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Carnation, 8st 1lb..... F. Webb 0

Mr. H. Grafton's Misfit, 8st 5lb..... Mould 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst the Crytheia colt, 7 to 2 agst the Rigolboche colt, 5 to 1 agst Walsend, 7 to 1 agst Carnation, and 10 to 1 each agst Astraliamante and Roi des Rois.

BETTING ON THE COURSE.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

11 to 1 agst Indian Ocean (taken to £50)

STOCKBRIDGE RACES.

THURSDAY, July 2nd.—The ANDOVER STAKES (Handicap) of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added. One Mile.

Sir G. Chetwynd's Kidbrook, by Young Melbourne—Sister to Little Lady, by Orlando, 3 yrs, 10st 13lb..... Mr. Crawshaw 1

Lord Lonsdale's The Preacher, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb .. Mr. Rolly 2

Mr. Ansley's Druid, 5 yrs, 1st 9lb..... Mr. A. Yates 3

Lord St. Vincent's Beau Brummell, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb .. Mr. Bevill 0

Mr. Ingaham's Ruffo, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb..... Mr. F. G. Hobson 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Kidbrook, 9 to 4 agst Druid, 4 to 1 agst The Preacher, and 5 to 1 agst Beau Brummell.

Won by a head, a bad third, Ruffo fourth, and Beau Brummell last.

The ALL-AGED PLATE of 50 sovs added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each.

Weight for age. Bush in.

Mr. Gomm's Mystery, by Trumpeter—Charade, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb Goater 1

Mr. Patmore's Narcissus, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb .. Butler 2

Mr. Fain's Ptarmigan, aged, 9st 8lb .. Wyatt 3

Lord Lonsdale's Dulwich, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb .. Jevitt 0

Mr. G. J. Foster's Glenayreeca, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb .. Morris 0

Mr. Lefevre's Roi des Rois, 2 yrs, 7st .. Major 0

Mr. A. Yates's Cranbrook, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb .. Gatehouse 0

Mr. T. Stevens's Finstall, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb .. Cannon 0

Mr. M. Fryer's Darlington, 2 yrs, 7st .. Glover 0

Mr. J. Ingham's Duncombe, 2 yrs, 7st .. F. Archer 0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Ptarmigan, 100 to 30 agst Goater, 6 to 1 agst Finstall, 8 to 1 against Narcissus, 10 to 1 each against Roi des Rois and Darlington, 12 to 1 each agst Cranbrook and Duncombe. Won cleverly by half a length, a length and a half between second and third.

MATCH: 100, h ft. Half a mile.

Mr. Chaplin's f by Asteroid—Morna, 8st 7lb .. Jeffery †

Sir G. Chetwynd's Libertine, 8st 5lb .. F. Webb †

Libertine held a slight lead till the half distance, when the Morna filly joined him, and the result of a fine race home was a dead heat. Off by consent.

The STOCKBRIDGE CUP. T.Y.C.

Mr. Jos. Dawson's Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol—Eastern Princess, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb .. Parry 1

Mr. Lefevre's Blenheim, 6 yrs, 9st 9lb .. Fordham 2

Mr. R. Woodward's Zanzooze, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb .. W. Clay 3

Captain Bayley's Dinner Bell, 2 yrs, 8st 13lb .. C. Archer 4

Betting: 3 to 1 on Prince Charlie, 7 to 2 agst Blenheim, 20 to 1 agst Petition, and 7 to 1 agst Afterthought.

Merodach held the lead for a few yards and then gave way to Petition, Merodach lying second, with Afterthought and Cartridge next, and Bertram last till reaching the straight. Here the last-named came through and took second place, but failed to reach Petition, who won easily by a length; a bad third; Merodach was fourth; and Cartridge last.

The BEAUFORT HANDICAP of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft. One mile and a quarter.

Lord Ailesbury's Petition, by Beadsman—Bribery, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb, Thompson 1

Mr. A. C. Barclay's Bertram, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb .. Jewitt 2

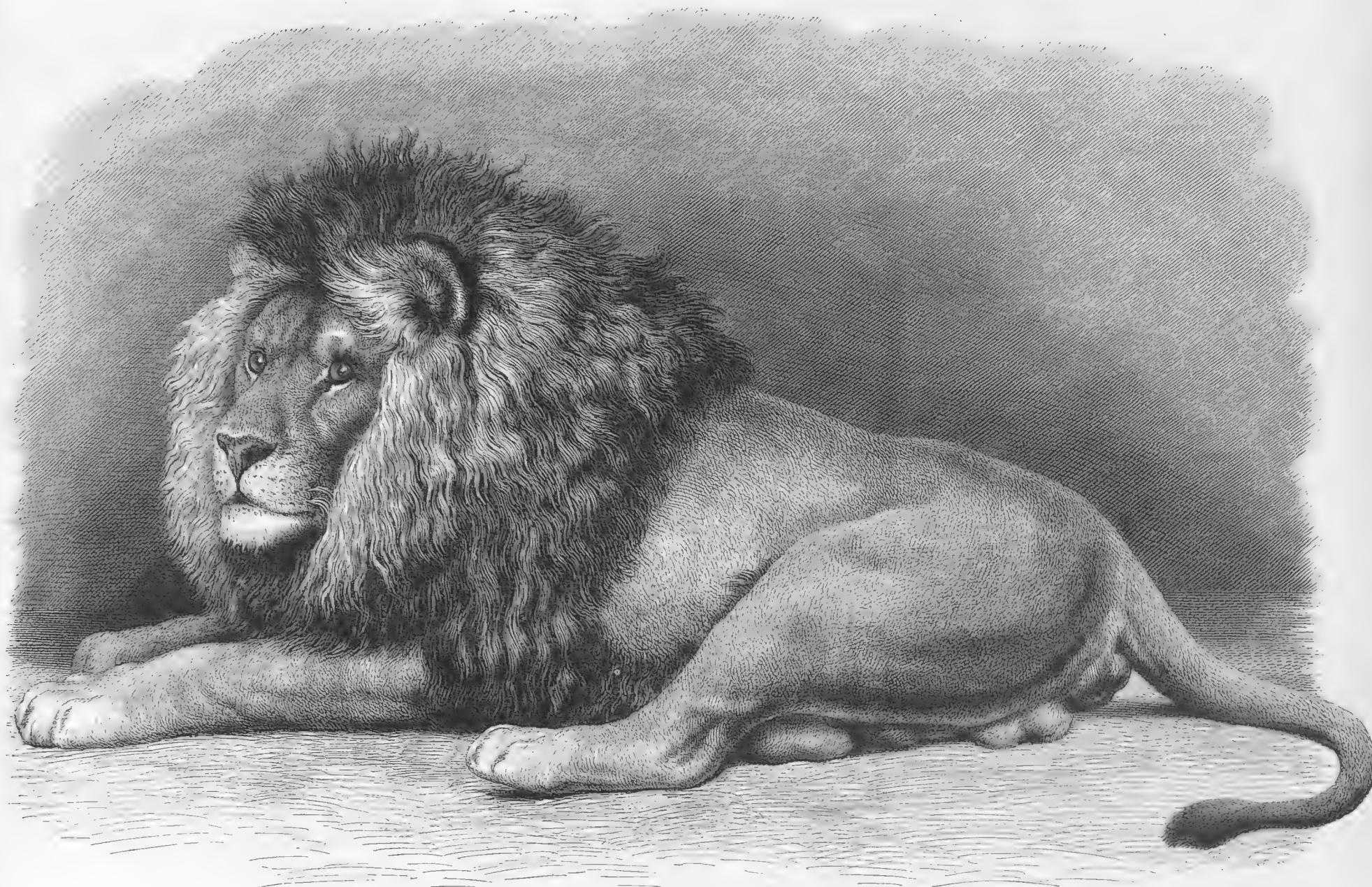
Mr. E. Brayley's Afterthought, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb .. C. Archer 3

Mr. C. S. Hardy's Merodach, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb .. F. Archer 0

Mr. Spencer's Cartridge, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb .. Glover 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Bertram, 5 to 2 agst Merodach, 3 to 1 agst Petition, and 7 to 1 agst Afterthought.

Merodach held the lead for a few yards and then gave way to Petition, Merodach lying second, with Afterthought and Cartridge next, and Bertram last till reaching the straight. Here the last-named came through and took second place, but failed to reach Petition, who won easily by a length; a bad third; Merodach was fourth; and Cartridge last.</



THE AFRICAN YELLOW-MANED LION.

THE LION AND ITS VARIETIES.

THOSE who have only seen the King of Beasts immured in a cage, after years of harassing and emaciating captivity, and half paralysed by confinement and want of exercise, can form no conception of his majestic appearance as he bounds along in his own native wilds, conscious of his own strength and prowess. There he is indeed a monarch, for, dreaded by all, he has nothing to fear from any living creature, save when by chance some solitary hunter, aided by his death-dealing arms, wages unequal war against him. I have lived in his domains for months and months together, and have encountered him at all times, and under all circumstances, and the more I have studied his character and his habits, when in a state of nature, the more am I convinced of his right to royal precedence amongst beasts.

His strength is unsurpassed by any animal in creation, not even excepting the tiger, for I have known him to break the spine of an ox with a single blow of his tremendous fore-paw; I have seen him stop a horse in its full career, and throw him back on his haunches; I have witnessed the skull of a living man being crushed to pieces as if it were an egg-shell, by a lion already in its death-throes, and at night I have heard a marauder leap over the wall of a cattle-kraal, seven feet high, taking with him a bullock, which he carried off as easily as a cat would do a mouse. Add to this terrible strength, the fearful gripe of his flesh-rending fangs; his peculiar faculty of being able to see in the dark; the noiselessness with which he is enabled to approach, and the distance from which he can spring upon his prey, and it must be confessed that in the darker hours of night a hunter, however experienced and well-armed he may be, stands but a poor chance against such a formidable antagonist. In the daylight the chances of the contest are all in favour of the man; the lion's superior powers of attack vanish; his faculties become deadened; his self-possession at times leaves him, and his gigantic strength is of no avail against the deadly grooved bore of the hunter.

Lions are essentially nocturnal animals, as during the day they seek some cool and shady spot and sleep until the approach of night, when they sally forth in search of prey. In the hot season, they seldom turn out of their lair, from sun-rise to sun-set, unless disturbed or driven out by the swarms of flies and stinging insects that infest their haunts, when they move about in a state of semi-somnolence, and look like fish out of water, but in wilds where they are not subject to man's intrusion, during the rains, and in cool

or cloudy weather, they may frequently be seen wandering listlessly over the plains during the day-time.

Sir William Harris, in his admirable account of the wild sports of South Africa, says, "Scarcely a day passed without our seeing two or three lions; but, like the rest of the animal creation, they uniformly retreated when disturbed by the approach of men. However troublesome we found the intrusions of the feline race during the night, they seldom at any time showed the least disposition to molest us unless we commenced hostilities; and this, owing to the badness of our horses, we rarely felt disposed to do."

A lion in the day and a lion at night are two distinctly different animals. During the daylight, a lion—unless severely pressed by hunger, or provoked by hostilities—never shows any disposition to molest man, on the contrary, he almost invariably beats a precipitate retreat when he discovers his presence. If the *rencontre* takes place in cover, he will steal quietly away, but if in the open, and he knows that his movements are observed, he will stand a moment or two exhibiting a certain apparently fearless nonchalance, and then move slowly away at a stately walk, as if afraid of compromising his dignity. When he has placed a certain distance between himself and the intruder into his domains, he quickens his movements, and if he sees that he is not followed, breaks into a trot, until he thinks he is out of sight, when all restraint is thrown off, and he bounds away at speed.

The lion, unlike all the rest of the feline *carnivora*, never kills for the mere pleasure of killing, but only for food, or to resent attack. Thus a lion—when his belly is full—may very often be seen in close proximity with herds of quagga, antelope, and zebra, without attempting to molest them. At such a time, i.e. in broad day-light, if a Hottentot woman even shakes her apron at him, he will make himself scarce, for he hates intrusion, but he is no poltroon notwithstanding, and those who know him best, and have encountered him at all hours in his own domain, have a very high opinion of his courage, majestic coolness, and unconquerable spirit, which have very justly earned him the title of the king of beasts.

Although it appears to be a pretty general opinion amongst naturalists that there is only one species of lion, my own experience leads me to believe that this theory is erroneous, and that the Asiatic and the African lions are of two distinct species; whilst the former may be again divided into two varieties, and the latter into three. Of course, the general appearance, size, and even to a certain extent the colour of any variety of lion, depends in a great degree upon the animal's age, and the development of his physical powers, which vary according to the habits and the nature of the locality in which he is found. I have seen lions in India, Asiatic Turkey, Syria, and Persia, and

have every reason to believe that they all belong to the same genus, which, however, is as decidedly inferior to the African species in size, weight, and physical power as a pony is to a horse.

The lion may be said to be indigenous to Africa, having been found in all parts of that continent, except in the mangrove swamp districts of the West Coast, and along a belt some 5 or 6 degrees on each side of the Equator. Fever arising from malaria kills lions as it does men, and as a rule lions are never found in a swampy country.

I have killed three varieties of lions between the Limpopo and Zambezi rivers, and in that district the Boers, Colonists, Kaffirs, and Bushmen, who are all quite familiar with the peculiar differences both in appearance and habits of each variety, are accustomed to distinguish them as the "yellow-maned," the "black-maned," and the "grey-lion."

My own experience leads me to believe that the yellow-maned lion, shown in the engraving, is the largest, heaviest, and most powerful variety. It is also the most common in the districts inhabited by man; and is more disposed to subsist upon domestic cattle than either the black-maned or the grey lion, who may be said to live chiefly by the chase of wild animals. He also generally inhabits the same district for years together, living alone with his family, whilst the other varieties, although not gregarious, are often found hunting in troops, following the periodical migrations of antelope over a great extent of country. When found away from the haunts of man, he generally lies in wait for his prey near water, or surprises herds of antelope by night, when his noiseless step, and his faculty of seeing in the dark, give him great advantages.

The black-maned lion is generally found in the neighbourhood of forests, and rarely in the plains. He is somewhat smaller than the yellow-maned variety, and much shorter in the back, and more compactly built than the grey lion. Although he lives upon the same species of wild animals as the grey lion, he hunts in a very different manner, as instead of depending upon his speed and endurance, he generally stalks his game, and springs upon his prey from under cover or from ambuscado, depending more upon his subtle cunning than his speed.

The grey lion, or as he is sometimes called, the sand-lion, is often met with in troops upon the vast undulating plains that are to be found in different parts of Central Africa, and on various occasions I have seen companies of about a dozen adult males and females hunting together, and displaying wonderful instructive sagacity in circumventing, and hunting by relays, herds of different kinds of antelope.

The grey lion has but little perceptible mane, a sleek coat of long texture, is longer in the body, and more lithe than either of the other varieties, and, as he depends upon



BABYLONIAN LION AND LIONESS, FROM THE RIVER KAROOM.

his speed and bottom in hunting his prey, and is generally in good training, a hunter must have a right good horse in fair racing condition to ride him to a stand still. In Central Africa, from insufficiency of wholesome grain, and the want of the requisite nutrition in the herbage, it is very hard to keep a horse in fair condition, consequently the comparatively few grey lions I have killed were met with in chance *rencontres*, when gorged, or stalked in undulating ground, at a time their attention was attracted by visions of venison.

I have killed all three varieties at various ages, from whelp-hood to decrepitude, yet their specially distinctive marks and attributes were always discernible. I have met with both the black and the yellow-maned lion on the western confines of Tunis, and the grey lion in the desert south of the Atlas range in Morocco, and amongst the spoils of King Theodore's stronghold at Magdala, I found specimens of both the black and the yellow-maned varieties, that were said to have been killed in the Galla country. I have seen skins both of the yellow-maned and the grey lion at Bathurst that had been brought from the country lying between the Senegal and the Gambia, and when at Lagos, amongst the presents forwarded by one of the independent Haussa chiefs of Zeg-zeg, was a magnificent black lion's skin, which was said to have been killed in the Haussa territory adjacent to Lake Van. No lions are to be found in the fever haunted districts of the West Coast of Africa, comprising the Gambia, Sierra Leone, Monrovia, the Gold Coast, Lagos, the embouchures of the Niger, the Gaboon, the Congo district, or Loando, although in the interior to the southward of Little Fish Bay they are said to be numerous. Jules Gérard, who is a great authority on this subject, describes all three varieties as being found in Algeria and Northern Africa, and he informs us that the Arabs distinguish them as "*El asfar*," the fawn coloured lion, "*El adria*," the black lion, and "*El zarzouri*," the grey lion, and they also to assign each variety different traits of character and habits of living,—and the Late Lieutenant Henry Faulkner of the 16th Lancers, who shot over the same ground, corroborates their opinion. This distinguished sportsman who accompanied Mr. Young in the Livingstone Search Expedition, and was afterwards treacherously murdered by a native tribe in the Lake's district of Central Africa, informed me that he had seen all three varieties in East Africa.

The Asiatic Lion, according to Layard, has also two varieties, for he tells us that on the river Karoom he has seen lions with long black manes, which by the inhabitants are designated "Sons of Islam," whilst the common maneless lions are now denounced as "Kafirs" of infidels. They pretend that a true believer may induce the former to spare his life, upon his pronouncing the profession of faith, whilst the unbelieving lion is inexorable.

The engraving represents a maned Babylonian lion and lioness, which in every particular appear to resemble the

Indian species, being inferior in size and strength to "the grey or sand lion," the smallest variety of the African species.

The roar of the African lion impresses one with awe when heard in the night time, and the Arabs have only one word to express his voice and thunder, which is "*Rad*." It must not be imagined, when speaking of the roar of the lion, that it is in any way to be compared with the low hollow sighing noises ending with a gruff grunt that is commonly heard in the Zoölogical Gardens. The roar of the animal in its wild state is a sound, once heard, never to be forgotten, for there is something strangely terrifying and appalling in the sound. Gordon Cumming thus describes it:—"One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags, at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection or so intensely powerful as when two or three troops of strange lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice." The power and grandeur of these nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear, and the effect is equally enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of mid-night, unaccompanied by any attendant and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Jules Gérard, who had many opportunities of studying the roar of a lion, thus describes it:—"It is composed of a dozen sounds, commencing with sighs which rise in volume as they proceed, and finish as they began with an interval between each." When a lion and a lioness are in company the lioness is always the first to roar, and this at the moment of leaving the lair. The lion alternates with the lioness, and in this manner they proceed on their way roaring every quarter of an hour until they have approached the Douar, or village, which they propose despoiling, and when their appetites are satisfied they often again recommence roaring, and continue until daylight. In the hot weather the lion scarcely ever roars. General Dumas informs us that when the lion roars the Arabs pretend that they can distinguish the following words:—"Ahna ou ben el mora;" that is to say, "I and the son of the woman." Moreover, that he repeats twice *ben el mora*, but *Ahna* only once, from

which they conclude that he dares not recognise any other creature than man besides himself. One of our earliest writers on Africa says, "When the lion speaketh his breath maketh the big trees to quake, and the smaller animals infesting his domain to gape with fear."

In former days there were men who professed to understand the songs of birds; and often whilst watching for game, as I have listened to the merry songsters of the wood, or to the exquisitely plaintive melody of the turtle dove as he wooed his bride, I have thought that it was quite possible to learn much of their language by watching their actions and paying attention to the manifold accents of their notes—now soft, low, and long drawn out, now shrill, disjointed, and harsh. These studies of nature are the hunter's recreations, and he feels proportionate pleasure as he understands them. After a long sojourn in the solitudes of the forest, no sound escapes his keen ear, and he gets accustomed to observe the minutest change, tracing the cause by the effect; thus he gains fresh insight into the nature, character, and habits of animals by marking their cries under different circumstances, which express their various desires and emotions, as all have certain calls, and utter peculiar sounds denoting pleasure, sorrow, maternal affection, connubial attachment, anger, rage, alarm, and fear. Those who have lived for any length of time in a region infested with these grand *carnivora* can readily distinguish the temper and condition they are in, by listening to the various peculiar and distinctly different sounds and noises they make. Thus there is no mistaking the suppressed sighing cry which the male lion always makes whilst following the lioness, or her sharper note which somewhat resembles the subdued whinny of a mare. Again, it is not difficult for those initiated in "forest lore" to distinguish the long-continued rumbling growl of a hungry lion, from the expressive grunts of satisfaction emitted by one whose appetite is satiated; and some of the tribes of Bushmen can even tell, from the different degrees of hoarseness in the roar of the lion, whether he has lately eaten, or is still fasting and on the look out for prey. Moffatt, one of the most practical teachers of humanity of all the many missionaries whom I have met with in Africa, thus describes the skill of the natives in detecting the condition of a lion by his varying moaning noises. He says, "one of those beasts passed near us, occasionally giving a roar, which softly died away on the extended plain, and it was responded to by another at a distance. Directing the attention of these Balala, and asking if they thought there was danger, they turned their ears as to a voice with which they were familiar, and, after listening for a moment or two, replied, 'there is no danger, he has eaten and is going to sleep!' They were right, and we slept also. Asking them, in the morning, how they knew the lions were going to sleep; they replied:—'We live with them, they are our companions.'"

H. A. L.

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE GOODWOOD STAKES.

WEDNESDAY, July 29.—The GOODWOOD STAKES (handicap) of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5 if declared, with 100 added; the winner of any public handicap subsequent to June 25, at 10 a.m., amounting to 100 sovs 3lb, of a 500 sovs handicap 7lb extra; weights accumulative up to 10lb; the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes. Two miles and a half. 45 subs, 18 of whom declared.

	ys st lb	ys st lb	
Lillian.....	5 9 7	Mr. Fox	6 6 6
Drummond	5 9 2	Call Duck.....	3 6 1
Bertram	5 9 0	Encore	3 6 1
Freeman	5 8 1	Rosehill.....	3 6 0
Feve	4 7 10	Colt by Saccharo- Flower of Dorset.	—
Indian Ocean	4 7 9	meter—Prescrip- tion	3 5 13
Redwirth	4 7 7	Dalham.....	3 5 12
Coventry	3 7 7	Asctic	3 5 11
Cambuslang	4 7 6	Lady of Lake	3 5 10
Reflection	4 7 0	Pat	3 5 10
Glenegle	3 7 0	Aide-de-Camp	3 5 7
Charles	3 6 13	Petition.....	3 5 7
Chingachgook	3 6 10	Sidesman	3 5 7
Scamp	3 6 7		

THE GOODWOOD CUP WEIGHTS.

THURSDAY, July 30.—(Weights calculated to date.)

	ys st lb	ys st lb	
Boiard	4 9 3	Kaiser	4 8 10
Marie Stuart	4 9 3	Chivalrous	4 8 10
Flageolet	4 9 3	Gang Forward	4 8 10
Doncaster	4 9 3	Organist	3 7 7
Bertram	5 9 0	Destinee	3 7 4
Barbillon	5 9 0	Lady Patricia	3 7 4
Drummond	5 9 0	Miss Toto	3 7 4
Shannon	6 8 11	King Lud	5 paid
Lidian.....	5 8 11		

Advertisements.

KENNEL.

STUD FOX TERRIERS.—SAM, by Tyrant—Vic; Vic by Old Jock. Sam is sire of Myrtle, Venture, Joclo, Themis, Tickler, Nelly, Vulcan, Willie, &c. Fee 3 guineas. Photographs 1s. each.

SAM II., by Sam—Jenny. Fee 1 guinea. FENCER, by Foiler—Myrtle. Fee 1 guinea. Apply, by letter in first instance, to SYDENHAM DIXON, 176, Finchborough-road, West Brompton, S.W.

STUD Black and Tan Terrier SAM (16lb.), winner of thirty-eight prizes, including three silver cups. Open to ten bitches at £1 1s. each (will then be raised to £2 2s.).—For full particulars, apply to owner, J. C. Elwiss, Avenue House, Doncaster.

SIRES FOR THE SEASON, 1874.

THE BLACK PRINCE, The property of JOHN PARSONS, Esq., Ashurst Lodge, Langton, Tunbridge Wells.—The above model Welsh Pony will Serve this Season at Four Guineas each Mare (under 13 hands high), and 7s. 6d. the Groom.

The Black Prince is a beautiful black pony, 11 hands 2 inches high, with plenty of bone and substance, one of the finest and grandest goers, with the most symmetrical proportions of any pony in England.

Superior yards and boxes for the accommodation of Mares and Foals. Hay and grass at 10s. 6d. per week. Corn at market prices.

SALES BY AUCTION.

SALES AT TATTERSALL'S.

On Saturday, July 4, at Alexandra Park, about SIXTY YEARLINGS, BROOD MARES, &c., the property of different breeders.

On Monday, July 6, at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, about TWENTY-FIVE HORSES IN TRAINING, &c., &c., the property of T. E. Walker, Esq.

On Wednesday, July 8, at the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, THIRTY-SEVEN YEARLINGS, the property of Thomas Gee, Esq.

On Thursday, July 9, at the Stud Paddocks, Newmarket, the ENTIRE STUD OF YEARLINGS, the property of the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild; also, the stallion LECTURER, by Colsterdale out of Algebra, sire of many winners.

On Monday, July 13, at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, TWENTY-TWO HORSES IN TRAINING, &c., &c., the property of Mr. Marsh.

On Saturday, July 18, at Bassage Farm (one mile and a half from Hartlebury Station on the Great Western Railway), the WARESLEY STUD, consisting of THIRTY-ONE BROOD MARES, EIGHTEEN YEARLINGS, TWENTY-ONE FOALS, and the

STALLIONS, BLINKHOOLE and LIDDINGTON, the property of J. Watson, Esq.

On Saturday, July 25, at Middle Park, Eltham, YEARLINGS, &c., &c., the property of T. E. Walker, Esq., and W. Blenkiron, Esq.

The following YEARLINGS, the Property of THOMAS GEE, Esq.,

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION, with their Engagements, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at the PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, 1874.

1. A BROWN COLT, by Knight of the Crescent out of Cameo, by Camerino, dam Patience, by Lanercost; dam Billet-Doux, by Gladiator; dam Valentine, by Voltaire. Foaled 2nd May.

2. A BAY BOLT, by Cambuscan out of Cassiope, by Voltigeur out of Vanity, winner of the Chester Cup, &c., by Touchstone, her dam Garland, by Langar. Foaled 29th March.

3. A BAY FILLY, by Newcastle out of Cassidua (dam of Charnwood and Bradgate), by Orlando out of Himalaya, by Bay Middleton, her dam Moodkee, by Venison out of Defiance, by Rubens. Foaled 14th March.

4. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Sunstroke, son of Thormanby, out of Devotion, by Vedette, dam Priestess, by the Doctor, dam Biddy, by Bran; dam Idalia, by Peruvian. Foaled 25th April.

5. A BROWN COLT, by Velocipede out of Fog, by Macaroni, dam Maid of the Mist, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker. Foaled 25th March.

6. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Lord Lyon out of Lady Dewhurst, by Newminster, dam the Dutchman's Daughter, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Emette, by Lanercost; dam Bellona, by Beagle. Foaled 31st March.

7. A BAY COLT, by Cambuscan out of Kromeski, by Muscovite out of Pastrycook, by Sweetmeat, her dam Theano, by Waverley. Foaled 10th Feb.

8. A BAY COLT, by Elland out of Murcia, a Bay Mare, by Lord of the Isles, out of Donna Sabina, by Don John; dam Sorella, by the Saddler; dam by Partisan. Foaled 14th February.

9. A BAY COLT, by Newcastle out of Sedella, by

Dundee out of Emily, by Stockwell; her dam Meane, by Touchstone. Foaled 16th February.

10. A BAY FILLY, by Cecrops out of Pulsatilla, by Orlando, dam Mulgrubus, by Melbourne; her dam Blue Devils, by Velocipede. Foaled 31st March.

11. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Newcastle out of Light, winner of many races, by Prime Minister out of Candlewick; her dam Maid of Burleigh, by Sultan. Foaled 19th February.

12. A BAY FILLY, by Newcastle out of Sweet Lucy (dam of Julien, Brigadier, &c.), by Sweetmeat out of Coquet, by Lanercost. Foaled 10th March.

13. A BAY COLT, by Orest out of Lady Ravensworth, by Voltigeur, dam by Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound; dam Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Molock; dam Rebecca, by Lottery. Foaled 26th April.

14. A HOW D'YE DO (dam of Ethelred, &c.), by Harkaway, out of Salute, her dam by Whalebone, grandam by Frolic, out of Camel's dam. Served by Thormanby.

15. A LADY AUGUSTA, winner of the 1000 gs, and other races (dam of Constance and Whitehaven), by Stockwell, out of Meane, by Touchstone, her dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan. Served by Scottish Chief.

16. A BROWN COLT, by Lord Lyon out of Edith (dam of Lord Ronald, Scottish Queen, and Mac Alpine), by Newminster, dam Deidamia, by Pyrrhus the First; dam Wiasma, by Hetman Platoff; dam Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede.

17. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden out of Ammunition, by Vedette, dam Carbine, by Rifleman; dam Troica, by Lanercost; dam Siberia, by Brutandor. Foaled 13th February.

18. A BAY FILLY, by Julius out of Cerintha, winner of the Althrop Park Stakes and other races (dam of Achiever, &c.), by Newminster out of Queen Bee, by Amorina, her dam May Fly, by Emilius. Foaled 15th April.

19. A BAY COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Amorous (dam of Amity, Sir Hugo, and Warren Point), by Ambrose, out of Tisiphone, by Gladiator, her dam Togar, by Sultan, foaled 24th January.

20. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden, out of the Gem, by King of Trumps, dam Amythist, by Touchstone; dam Camphine, by the Provost; dam Gadfly, by Mayfly, foaled 5th April.

21. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Newcastle, out of Donna del Lago, winner of many races (and dam of Helvellyn, Ladoga, Rhoderic Dhu, &c.), by Lord of the Isles, out of Shot, Marksman dam, by Birdeatcher, foaled 30th March.

22. A BAY COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Idalia, winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, &c., by Thunderbolt out of Dulcibella, her dam Priestess, by the Doctor, foaled 25th January.

23. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Cambuscan, out of Lady Augusta, winner of the 1000 gs, and other races (dam of Constance and Whitehaven), by Stockwell, out of Meane, by Touchstone, her dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan. Engaged at Newmarket in the 28th Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each (1875), foaled 15th February.

24. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, out of Lavinia, by the Cure, dam Lady Louisa, by Touchstone; her dam by Lanercost; dam Caroline, by Whisker, foaled 16th May.

25. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Precise, sister to Diophantus (and dam of Boquitter Regula, &c.), by Orlando, out of Equation, by Emilius; her dam Maria, by Whisker, foaled 6th April.

26. A BAY FILLY, by Adventurer, out of Repulse, winner of the 1000 gs, and other races, by Stockwell, dam Sortie, by Melbourne; dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan, foaled 21st March.

27. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden, out of Maid of the Mist (dam of Light Cloud and Dark Cloud), by the Flying Dutchman, dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker. Engaged at Newmarket, 1875, in the 28th Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, foaled 27th February.

28. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Little Lady, winner of many races (dam of My Lady), by Orlando, out of Volley, by Voltaire; her dam Martha Lynn, by Mullatto. Engaged at Newmarket, 1875, in the 28th Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, foaled 1st February.

29. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden, out of Potash (dam of Lady Warren), by Voltigeur, dam Alkali, by Slane; dam Sea Kale, by Camel. Engaged at Newmarket, 1875, in the 28th Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, foaled 16th January.

30. A BROWN COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Miss Grimstone, by Stockwell, out of Miranda, by Lanercost; her dam Celia, by Touchstone, foaled 4th April.

31. A BROWN FILLY, by Cambuscan, out of Dulcibella, winner of the Cesarewitch and other races (and dam of Idalia, Scintilla, Alexandra, Onslow, &c.), by Voltigeur, out of Priestess, by the Doctor. Engaged at Newmarket, 1875, in the 28th Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, foaled 26th January.

32. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, out of Violet (dam of Lord Colney, Lady Rosebery, and Bedgown), by Thormanby, dam Woodbine, by Stockwell; dam Honeyuckle, by Touchstone; dam Beeswing, by Dr. Syntax, foaled 28th January.

33. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Adventurer, out of Stoakade, by Stockwell, dam Sortie, by Melbourne; dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan, foaled 22nd January.

34. A BROWN COLT, by Mentmore, out of Queen Bee (dam of Lord of the Valley and Bassoon), by King Tom, out of Clementina, by Venison, out of Cobweb, by Phantom, foaled 25th February.

35. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Lord Clifden, out of Baroness (dam of Miss Toto), by Stockwell, dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloan, foaled 31st March.

36. A BAY COLT, by King o' Scots, out of Lady Valentine, winner of many races, by Sedbury, her dam by Weatherbit, out of St. Anne, by St. Francis, foaled 4th March.

37. A BROWN COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Queen Bee (dam of Lord of the Valley and Bassoon), by King Tom, out of Clementina, by Venison, out of Cobweb, by Phantom, foaled 25th February.

38. A BROWN COLT, by Cambuscan, out of Queen Bee (dam of Lord of the Valley and Bassoon), by King Tom, out of Clementina, by Venison, out of Cobweb, by Phantom, foaled 25th February.

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49

THE ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED. (Registered under the Companies Acts, by which the Liability of Shareholders is Limited to the amount of their Shares.)

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I will be correspondent to command,
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Fourteen years Member of Tattersall's and the London Clubs, for nearly a quarter of a century prominently connected with the Turf, and personally known to the Editors of the various sporting journals, undertakes to TRANSMIT DIRECT FROM HEAD-QUARTERS LONDON BETTING ON LARGE & SMALL RACES, MARKET MOVEMENTS, SUDDEN CHANGES, INFORMATION EXCLUSIVE, VALUABLE, RELIABLE, ACCURATE, AND EXPEDITIOUS. In short, anything and everything calculated to benefit Turf Speculators of all classes.

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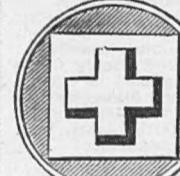


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